

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SWEARING IS UPHELD

MILWAUKEE JUDGE HOLDS IT IS SOMETIMES JUSTIFIABLE.

Great Provocation May on Occasions Be Sufficient Cause for Use of Profanity—Milwaukee Girl Kills Herself to Fulfill Prophecy.

Police Judge Neelen of Milwaukee decided that a man has a right to swear when his sleep is disturbed. The complainant in the case was Mrs. Bert Perkins, who was disturbed by the profanity of a man who was sleeping in the room above her. The judge held that the defendant was not liable for the disturbance, and that the plaintiff was not entitled to damages.

ENDS HER LIFE AS PREDICTED.

Girl Commits Suicide in Minneapolis as Fortune Teller Said She Would. A fortune teller told Jennie Falk of Minneapolis that her lover would be faithless to her and that she would take her own life in order to become a spirit and watch over him from the spirit world. This prediction made such a great impression on Miss Falk that she decided to do as she was told. She took a large dose of poison and died within a few hours.

League Base-Ball Race.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:

Club	W.	L.
Pittsburgh	77	27
Cincinnati	69	35
Brooklyn	60	44
Boston	53	51
Chicago	53	51
New York	37	67

The clubs of the American League stand as follows:

Club	W.	L.
Philadelphia	53	41
Cleveland	51	43
St. Louis	48	46
Baltimore	43	51
Chicago	43	51
New York	37	67

Triple Tragedy at Salem, Mo.

William Upshaw, 20 years old, who left home at Salem, Mo., after a violent quarrel last spring, returned home, broke into the house, shot his father through the chest, fired two shots into his stomach, and then blew out his brains on the railroad tracks near his home. The only cause that can be assigned for the tragedy is that the son was opposed to his father's second marriage.

Kite Flying Proves Fatal.

William D. Holdrege, 22 years old, of Medina, N. Y., met his death while flying a kite. Holdrege mounted the roof of a building owned by his father in order to get the benefit of a strong current of air. He was paying out the kite when a gust of wind carried his hat away. In trying to catch it, he fell and was killed.

Passengers Dash to Death.

A cable car crowded with passengers got away from the gripman at the top of the Ninth street incline in Kansas City, shooting down at an angle of 45 degrees, to the Union station and crashing to the bottom at a terrific speed, killing one person and injuring nearly a score.

Fierce Storm in Nebraska.

A tornado, accompanied by a terrific rain and hail storm, passed along the Nebraska river, eight miles north of Hastings, Neb. It passed through a farm, killing several people and doing a great amount of damage. It is known that a number of residences and other buildings in the path of the storm were demolished.

Survivors Attend a Reunion.

The annual reunion of the survivors of Quantrell's guerrillas was held at Independence, Kan. Most of those present took part in the raid upon Lawrence, Kan., thirty-nine years ago, and a majority of the survivors were boys at the time. Jim Cummings was prominent in the reunion.

Breaks Neck in a Runaway.

Mrs. Jane Newell, aged 65 years, a prominent resident of Springfield, Ohio, was killed in a runaway accident. Her carriage was going down hill when another ran into it from the rear and started the horses. Mrs. Newell in jumping out fell on her head and broke her neck, dying instantly.

German Admiral Resigns.

Admiral Von Diederichs has resigned his post as chief of staff of the German navy. He has been succeeded by Vice Admiral Buchoch. Admiral Von Diederichs' resignation referred in highly flattering terms to his services.

Pillsbury's Squadron Captured.

Admiral Higginson's squadron captured the ships under Commander Pillsbury off New England coast, bringing the naval maneuvers to an end with victory for the defenders.

Hanna Abandons His Efforts.

Senator Hanna has abandoned all efforts to end the coal strike owing to the attitude of operators, and predicts a long fight.

Rob Arkansas Postoffice.

Deputy Postmaster Stockland was held up, bound and gagged by robbers at Stuttgart, Ark., as he was about to close the office. The robbers took \$800 in money, about \$800 worth of stamps and Stockland's watch and escaped. The man's groans attracted the attention of passers-by an hour later and he was released.

Wanamaker Will Build New Store.

John Wanamaker has borrowed \$1,150,000 toward the erection of a new store building in Philadelphia.

Expenses of Anthracite Operators.

It is estimated that the coal and iron policemen guarding the idle collieries in four counties of the Pennsylvania anthracite region number 5,000. The employment of an army of guards has necessitated an expenditure by the companies to date of \$1,800,000.

Woman Murdered and Hidden.

The body of Miss Olive Broad, a mid-dle-aged woman who resided on the outskirts of Cornish, Me., was found in a clump of bushes with the chest crushed. The woman had evidently been murdered. The motive is thought to have been robbery.

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE EARTH

BANKERS WILL HIRE FORGER.

National Association to Pay Becker \$500 Monthly to Quit Crime.

It is stated that Charles Becker, the notorious forger who is serving time in San Quentin prison in California, will be placed on a salary of \$500 a month by the American Bankers' Association immediately on his release next year to keep him from playing his old trade. Becker has boasted during his confinement that he had not done his best work yet and promised to work a big job on the banks after his release. J. M. Oliver, secretary of Warden Aguirre of San Quentin, told a party of friends that the Bankers' Association had decided "to pay Becker to be good" and gave the amount named above. James K. Wilson, vice-president for California of the association, said he knew nothing of the matter, but admitted that the protective committee of the association had power to make such an arrangement. Becker is serving a term of five years for forgery of a \$12 draft to \$22,000, on which he secured \$10,000 from the Nevada bank.

MANY HURT IN TROLLEY WRECK.

Twenty Persons Made Unconscious by New York Accident.

Twenty persons were made unconscious by a trolley car going to Yorkville, which struck a horse-drawn carriage on the Jerome avenue, New York. Several of the injured may die. There was a ditch beside the track and the great mass of steel and wood plowed along the water-course for a short distance, when it struck one of the poles supporting the trolley wire. The impact, coupled with the momentum of the car, caused it to turn completely over. Every passenger was thrown upon the ground. The motorman was caught underneath the wreckage. The conductor struck on his head and neck. Both men were arrested.

FINDS A CAVE OF CURIOUS.

Geologist May Unearth Relics of Prehistoric Ages in California.

So important are the recent discoveries of the University of California geological department in the limestone caves on the McCloud river, Shasta County, that Prof. John C. Merriam, head of the paleontology work, will join the student assistant, Eustace Furlong, who is digging into the deposits for bones. Prof. Merriam believes that Furlong has discovered a "cave" and that it is the largest of its kind in this region. It is on a hillside and the successive layers of soil and gravel will prove a veritable storehouse of geological curiosities.

WAS MISTAKEN FOR BURGLAR.

J. M. McMorris of Charleston, Ill., Shot and Killed in Oklahoma.

J. M. McMorris, an aged and well-known resident of Charleston, Ill., was mistaken for a burglar and shot in the home of J. E. Shaffer, Oklahoma City, while being indicted from the Cuban army, and which saw in this loan the only means to bring this payment about.

Two Killed in Drunken Row.

Perry Oxley of Lysander and Charles A. Brown of Gallipolis were shot and killed in the street at Gloucester, Ohio, by Frank Smith. The men were more or less intoxicated and quarreled. Smith, who had a shotgun, ran to the middle of the street. The others followed and he shot them both. Smith gave himself up.

Girl Is Murdered in Kentucky.

Zoda, the 15-year-old daughter of C. M. Vick, a prominent farmer of Russellville, Ky., was murdered in sight of her father's house. She had gone to the spring for water, failing to return, a search was instituted. About 10 o'clock the body, with the head crushed, was found in a fence corner, partly covered with leaves.

Daring Theft of Diamonds.

A daring robbery took place in the jewelry establishment of A. A. Webster & Co., Brooklyn, during the busy hours of the day. A tray containing forty-two solitaire diamond rings, valued at \$4,000, was removed from one of the show cases and the thief made his escape undetected by any one in the place.

Three Held for Murder.

Oscar Thompson, "Dad" Claffy and Edward A. Connelman have been held by the coroner's jury in Chicago to await the investigation of the grand jury into the murder of Minnie Mitchell. The verdict also recommends that William Bartholin be apprehended and held.

Hold-Up in Home of Banker.

Mrs. Frederick W. Prentiss, wife of the president of the Hayden-Clinton National Bank, was held up in her own home in Columbus, Ohio, by a masked robber and at the point of a revolver compelled to deliver \$2,000 worth of diamonds.

Big Strike on Havana Dock.

The longshoremen and lightermen of all classes and the dock laborers went out on strike at Havana, Cuba. They have several grievances, one being that they should be unloaded per ton instead of by day wages.

Kansas Farmer Drowns Children.

Knappa Anderson, a farmer living east of Salina, Kan., in a fit of despondency drowned his four children, three girls and a boy, in a cistern, and then shot himself with a revolver. He will probably die. Financial matters had affected his mind.

Veteran Commits Suicide.

Calvin B. Potter, an attorney of Salt Lake City, and at one time prominent in Michigan State politics, committed suicide by taking enough morphine to kill a dozen men. Potter, who served throughout the Civil War, had been trying for twelve years to secure a pension and dependency over his failure is believed to be the cause of his suicide.

FATAL CLASH WITH NEGROES.

Three Reported Killed in Trouble Due to Theft of Cattle in Mississippi.

Shorliff Long of Tupelo, Miss., received a telegram from Deputy Sheriff Sam Young at Shannon asking that he come immediately to that place. A report was current that three negroes had been killed, and that James Randolph, one of the best known citizens of the county, who had assisted in the arrest of other negroes, had been shot and seriously wounded. The trouble grew out of the stealing of some corn by a negro named Davenport. The following night the Messrs. Dabanks, from whom the corn was stolen, went to the house to look for thieves, and on returning found a group of about forty negroes. Messrs. Randolph, Rogers and Barnett were deputized to arrest those implicated. The negroes barricaded themselves in a barn, armed with shotguns. In attempting the arrest Randolph was shot in the head and shoulder. It is reported that three negroes were killed by the posse. Deputies brought to jail eight negroes. Everything is now quiet.

MAJOR G. A. ARMES SHOT.

Wounded by Former Tenant With Whom He Had Quarreled.

Maj. George A. Armes, a retired army officer, was shot but not seriously injured at his home a few miles outside Washington, by J. Doland Johnson. Maj. Armes was able to go to the army hospital for an operation to extract the bullet. According to his account Johnson was formerly one of his tenants, with whom he had some difficulty and threatened to shoot him. Maj. Armes says he was sitting on the porch of his house when Johnson approached and fired two shots, the first taking effect in the right breast. The second shot went wild.

LIMITED TRAIN IS DERAILED.

Unknown Persons Wreck the "Frisco Flyer" Near Fort Scott, Kan.

The "Frisco flyer" southern limited train, south bound, heavily laden with passengers, was derailed at Edwards Junction, near Fort Scott, Kan., while running at a speed of thirty miles. Some one had driven a spike between the switch rails and opened the switch half way. The engineer and fireman were injured, but none of the passengers was hurt. The engine was derailed and the baggage car was thrown across the tracks, but the coaches and Pullmans remained on the track.

Lives Lost in Train Wreck.

Lives were lost, several persons were injured and two trains and the train shed of the station at Belmar, N. J., were wrecked as the result of a collision. A special passenger train on the Central of New Jersey Railroad ran into the rear end of a regular Pennsylvania passenger train of the New York and Long Branch road.

Prophecy's Hair Cut Off.

A man named Perkins, an alleged divine healer and prophet, who had been posing as an angel of Christ, was taken out of Texarkana by "whitecaps" and was hanged and his hair cut off. Then he was given thirty minutes to leave town. A notice left on Perkins' door read: "Same fate to sympathizers."

Two Killed by Lightning.

During a severe thunderstorm lightning struck the farm house of Henry Meyer, nine miles west of Emporia, Kan., killing Mrs. Meyer and her granddaughter. Four other members of the family were stunned.

Remington's Death Not Suicide.

Autopsy on the body of Robert Remington, who was supposed to have committed suicide at Newport, R. I., showed that the bullet in his head does not fit the pistol found beside him.

Carnegie Gets Rail Contract.

The Warshaw has awarded a contract to the Carnegie company for 25,000 tons of steel for the new line from Kansas City to Marquette. The value of the order is about \$700,000.

Drowned in Connecticut Lake.

Dr. Glenn S. McCallister of Franklin, Pa., and his 12-year-old daughter Laura were drowned in Connecticut lake, the result of their being run down by a steamer.

Missing Planet Rediscovered.

Prof. Pickering of Harvard has received word from the Harvard station at Arequipa, Peru, that the planet Eros has been rediscovered. The planet disappeared in May 1901.

B. & O. Merges.

Baltimore and Potomac Railroad merged with the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Stock of the new organization will be controlled by the Pennsylvania and Northern Central.

Owes Nearly Half Million.

Dr. Chauncey Forward, president of Forward Reduction Company of Cleveland, is bankrupt, owing nearly half a million to many creditors.

Wants Guardian for Husband.

Mrs. William D. Schultz has asked that a guardian be appointed for her husband, the millionaire soapmaker of Zanesville, Ohio.

Death of Goller Holmblad.

William Holmblad, Jr., one of the best known young golfers in the western hemisphere, died at his home in Evanston, Ill., after a long illness of typhoid fever.

Wrecked on an Ohio Crossing.

A Lake Erie and Western passenger train was derailed and wrecked at the crossing of the Northern Ohio and Lake Erie and Western road at Bluffton, Ohio.

Killed by Delayed Blast.

A delayed blast caused the death of Peter Olsen and William Ladd in the Ohio-Deadwood tunnel at Rockford, S. D.

Hondo, Texas, Destroyed.

Fire at Hondo, in southwestern Texas, destroyed the principal business part of the town. About twenty places of business were burned out.

Death of Franz Sigel.

Gen. Franz Sigel, who saved Missouri from the Union during the Civil War, is dead in New York.

PERISH IN TENEMENT HOUSE.

Two Women and Three Children Burn to Death and Others Injured.

In a tenement house fire at 35 Essex street, New York, two women and three children were burned to death, and another woman was burned severely about the body and face, and a man had three ribs broken by jumping from a window to the pavement. The bodies of the dead women were burned beyond recognition. The injured woman is Mrs. Rosa Mosca, and the man who jumped is Jacob Mosca. A woman named Mrs. Hannah Balotchin could not be found after the fire, and it was believed that one of the burned bodies found was hers. Nathan Liebowitz reported to the police that his four children, Moses, Julius, Louis and Sallie, respectively 3, 5, 6 and 8 years old, were missing and a search of the building resulted in the finding of the badly burned bodies of two children, supposed to be Liebowitz's. The body of an elderly woman also was found.

BRINGS THE SULTAN TO TIME.

Leishman Has American Demands Regarded—To Rebuild Mission House.

The sharp reminder of the United States minister, John G. A. Leishman, at Constantinople, to the Porte is having the desired effect of hastening the carrying out of the British demands for the settlement of pending questions. One of the minor American demands heretofore disregarded—namely, the return of a package of insurance policies seized by the authorities—was complied with the other day, while indications point to the speedy settlement of the remaining further friction by settling the other matters, including the rebuilding of the American mission house at Kharpoot, Turkish Armenia, destroyed at the time of the Armenian massacre there, and the granting of permission to American missionaries to visit the country.

BOOK COMBINE IS RESTRAINED.

Injunction Against American Company Is Issued in Kansas.

Judge Fagan of the Probate Court of Shawnee County, Kan., in behalf of the Kansas Book Company, has granted an injunction against the American Book Company and its Kansas depository, the Kansas Book Company, from supplying the schools of Kansas under its contract with the State. County Attorney Nichols in presenting the case held first that the contract with the State and the book company was made before the book company was legally authorized to do business in Kansas, and that therefore its contract is not good.

CLING TO A BUOY ALL NIGHT.

Thrilling Experience of a Boating Party on Lake Erie.

Patrick Botkin, Michael Demming and William D. Ray were rescued after clinging to a boat buoy in Lake Erie all night. They were fishing and their boat was capsized. They were thrown into the water, but managed to reach the buoy. As soon as dawn broke Botkin swam to the boat, which was nearby. It was dragged partially on to the shore and the men were rescued. The boat was found to be a passing boat. Meanwhile Botkin reached shore safely.

White Star Liner Cedric Launched.

The White Star Line steamer Cedric, of 21,000 tons, the largest liner afloat, was successfully launched at Harland & Wolff's yards at Belfast, Ireland. She is 700 feet long, has 75 feet beam and draws 24 feet of water. Her carrying capacity is 18,400 tons, and she has accommodation for 3,000 passengers.

Many Victims of Explosion.

Eight workmen are known to have been killed, six are missing and supposed to be in the ruins and three others were badly injured by the explosion of two steel digesters in the Delaware pulp mills of the Jessup & Moore Paper Company on the Christina river, near Wilmington, Del.

American Yacht Wins Race.

The American auxiliary yacht Uowana, owned by Allison V. Armour of New York, won the Earl of Crawford's Coronation cup in the sailing race which started from the Nab lightship at Cowes, Isle of Wight, to Cherbourg and back, around the Eddystone lightship.

Result of Bartholin Inquest.

At conclusion of inquest on body of Mrs. Ann Bartholin in Chicago, the coroner's jury declared woman was killed by her son, held Oscar Thompson and Edward Connelman as accessories after the fact.

Committee Suicide at Home.

Carl Henrich, owner of a restaurant in Chicago, was found dead in his bed with a bullet hole in his right temple. As Mr. Henrich had not been in good health lately, it is thought that fact had something to do with his taking his life.

Advance on Farm Implements.

Manufacturers of plows and other farm implements have advanced the prices of their products from 5 to 10 per cent over the price of last year. The increase is caused by the rapid rise in the cost of raw materials, iron, steel and hard wood.

All Harts Is Now in Revolt.

Advices received at Kingston concerning affairs in Haiti say the revolution is now extended to every part of the country, and that the situation is daily growing worse.

Senator Frye Soon to Wed.

Information has been received in Washington of the engagement of Senator William P. Frye of Maine, president pro tem of the Senate, to Miss Ellen May of Portland, Me.

Rockefeller Buys Opera House.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, has purchased the Grand Opera House at Lima, Ohio, for \$200,000. It is his intention to make extensive improvements.

Fire in an Iowa College.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed Parsons College at Fairfield, Iowa, a Presbyterian institution founded in 1875. The loss is \$250,000, and the insurance half that amount.

Fitzhugh Lee's Prophecy.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who spoke at the Chautauqua at Urbana, Ill., said there was a strong possibility that the United States would acquire Cuba in time.

FROM FRIGID LANDS.

GLOBE GIRDLED DE WINDT ON HOME STRETCH.

Passes Through Chicago on His Way From Paris to New York He Tells of a Hard Journey, but Does Not Care to Repeat It.

Harry de Windt went through Chicago a few days ago on his way east. He is making his third attempt to travel from Paris to New York overland. Mr. de Windt left Paris on Dec. 10, 1901, with three companions, determined to demonstrate that the proposed Transatlantic and Alaskan Railroad was practicable, and that it would be possible to make the journey from Paris to New York by rail if such a line was ever constructed.

"We have no doubt that the railroad will be constructed some time, and before we have made the trip by rail," said Mr. de Windt. "Ten thousand dollars, however, would not induce me to take the same trip again as we made it."

De Windt and his companions were found nearly dead from exposure in a cave on the Siberian coast by Capt. Oble of the whaler William Baylis. This was early last June. They crossed Bering sea in the United States revenue cutter Thetis, and after that their hardships were nearly over.

The story of their trip is a continuous one of struggle against nature. Undaunted by two previous failures they fought their way on, determined to succeed. The first stage of the journey was made over the Transiberian Railway. This took them as far as Irkutsk. There they embarked on a trip of 2,000 miles, traveling the entire distance in horse sleds. Yakutsk has the reputation of being the coldest town on earth, and Mr. de Windt declares the reputation is well earned.

De Windt Tells of Hardships.

Speaking of that part of his journey, the traveler said: "The distance was covered by means of 122 drivers and 732 horses. The total cost for each sleigh was under \$100."

From Irkutsk the travelers' journey took them 700 miles to Verkhayansk, thence northeast 1,300 miles to the town of Sredniyokinsk. "The sleighs that brought us from Irkutsk were discarded at Yakutsk for small reindeer sleds about seven feet by three, covered in by canvas and pulled by reindeer. Mr. de Windt said: "Bear skins formed the beds and there we lay at full length, day after day, night after night, for the next two months, while a Yakut driver urged on his deer train. Light furs were useless in that region."

"The traveler bound for the Kolyma district must take all his provisions in a frozen state, for food is scarce along that lonely tract of 1,800 miles. The reindeer sleds are 150 to 200 miles apart, but shelter huts are located at shorter intervals. These are little houses of wood and water, in the form of slabs of ice, but nothing else."

"The stupendous difficulties of that overland journey from Paris to New York can be realized only by those who have encountered them."

"From Sredniyokinsk our next dash was 2,000 miles to the shore of Bering sea, dogs being our motive power. The cold was terrible. At times the thermometer registered 78 degrees below zero, and for 500 miles we did not see a hut."

Found on Siberian Coast.

At last the inhospitable seashore was reached, and there the entire party nearly perished from exposure and hunger. They were found at a place called Whadylink by Capt. Oble, who supplied them with provisions and offered to take them off in his boat. This offer De Windt declined.

After reaching Cape Nome De Windt had failed in the effort, once being driven back by unfriendly native tribes in northern Siberia, and once turned back by the war in China.

The day after their arrival George Chaffee admitted to his brother, the motorman, that he and his companions committed the train robbery. The two brothers had a violent quarrel and the motorman called his brother "thief" and "robber" in such loud tones that the landlady, preoccupied then, Irvin Chaffee, demanded that his brother and his companions leave the house, and they did so.

Then Irvin went to police headquarters and told his story. Detectives immediately were assigned to follow the house. Notwithstanding the fact that several special officers have been on guard night and day since the police received the information George Chaffee came back to the house alone one night and escaped by the back way when he learned that the detectives were in front of the house.

ON TRAIN ROBBERS' TRAIL.

St. Louis Man Confesses He Is One of the Burlington Bandits.

The St. Louis police are on the trail of three men who have been up and robbed the Burlington limited train near Savannah, Ill., on Aug. 5.

According to the statement made to Chief Kieby by Irvin Chaffee, a motorman in the employ of the Transit Company, Chaffee's brother confessed to him that he participated in the robbery and the murder of the robbers' companion. Chaffee's brother, George Chaffee, came to St. Louis accompanied by two strangers. George asked his brother to recommend a quiet rooming house where he and his companions could stay for a few days. Irvin recommended a house in Olive street and they spent several days there.

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HUCKLEBERRIES IN NEW YORK.

During July and August Its Dwellers Consumed 70,000 Bushels.

During the months of July and August 70,000 bushels of huckleberries are consumed in New York City. In no locality in the country do huckleberries of all varieties grow in greater profusion or of better quality than in the wild mountain regions from which New York draws its main supply. Hundreds of families depend in great measure on the gathering of this crop for their livelihood. It is no uncommon thing for the united work of a family to bring in as much as \$10 a day while the season lasts, which averages seventy days. One season on the huckleberry barrens has brought more than one family the means to purchase a snug little farm.

Six railroads derive a large revenue during the summer carrying huckleberries from the different shipping centers to New York—the Erie, the New York, Susquehanna and Western, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the New York, Ontario and Western, the New York and the West Shore.

OPENING OF FALL MANEUVERS.

First Movement Is Shown Attack Off Massachusetts Coast.

Great public interest has been manifested all along the New England coast in the minute naval warfare which began Wednesday.

The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1902.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Republican Ticket.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor—Aaron T. Bliss, of Saginaw.
For Lieutenant Governor—Alexander Maitland, of Marquette.
For Secretary of State—Fred. M. Warner, of Farmington.
For State Treasurer—Daniel McCoy, of Grand Rapids.
For Auditor General—Perry F. Powers, of Cadillac.
For Attorney General—Charles A. Blair, of Jackson.
For Commissioner of State Land Office—Edwin A. Wilkey, of Paw Paw.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—Delos A. Fall, of Albion.
For Members State Board of Education—Patrick H. Keely, Detroit; L. L. Wright, Ironwood.
For Congress 10th Dist.—George A. Lord, of Iosco.
For State Senator 28th Dist.—Alfred J. Doherty, of Clare.

Republican Representative Convention.

The Presque Isle District Representative Convention will be held in the Court House, in the village of Gaylord, on Friday, the 8th day of October, 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating a Republican candidate for Representative from said district, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

The several counties in the district will be entitled to delegates as follows:

Crawford, 2 Montmorency, 2
Presque Isle, 2 Oscoda, 2
Oscoda, 3 Total, 13
Gaylord, Mich., Aug. 10, '02.

FRANK BUELL,
W. L. TOWNSEND, CH. LEG. COM.
Secretary.

The attempt of the Democrats to prove that the products of American factories are sold for less in foreign markets than the price made in the home market, appears to be a failure. That side of the Tariff issue will have to be abandoned.—Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

Our Democratic contemporaries would have us repose in the sweet belief that they are valiantly fighting the Trusts, but when we read their editorials, we are forced to the conclusion that they have simply dusted off some of their old Free Trade arguments, and are now attempting to foist them upon the country in a new guise.—News, Waverly, Ohio.

Senator Vest, of Mo., says: "A financial panic will bring back Democratic success." If the Senator will transpose the sentence, thus: "Democratic success will bring back a financial panic," the truth will be apparent. That is just what Democratic success did in 1892.—Telegraph, Princeton, Mo.

One of the leading members of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, says, he would rather see the Democrats elect a few able leaders to the House, than to get control of it by a majority of common-place men, and so would the country; but then neither alternative is likely to happen.—Call, San Francisco, California.

The trusts are to be the issue upon which the reorganized Democracy will make its campaign this year. It would be unfair perhaps to ask a Democratic orator what trust the last Democratic administration put out of business after being elected on a platform in which the trusts were quite as vigorously denounced as they were in the Democratic platform of 1902.—American, Brookville, Indiana.

The question of the succession to the place of Senator McMillen is being largely discussed throughout the state and several aspirants are in the field, and others are urged by their friends. We believe that the appointment of General Alger would meet the hearty approval of a majority of the electors, and further that it would be good politics. If the state owes honor to any man within its borders, that man is Russell A. Alger, a man of the people, who has been well tried in the crucible of war as well as in peace, and has never been found wanting. A man of unlimited business ability, a statesman, and a man of such unblemished integrity that he cannot be tarnished by the tongue of the traducer. "What is the matter with Alger. He is all right."

THE PIONEER

MUST BE PROTECTED!

CHAS. L. DEWAELE, Pros. Attorney,
Roscommon, Michigan.

From The Detroit Tribune.

To THE EDITOR:—The Forestry Commission of this State, accompanied by a score or more of forestry promoters, are contemplating a visit to Roscommon county—their pet forestry county—the land of worthless pine barrens, as they claim (?) but which is in reality a county that is destined to become one of the leading counties in the state, from an agricultural and mineral standpoint.

Who has impeded and dwarfed the growth and development of the county? The answer is readily found—the lumber barons. Let us take, for instance, the now vacated township of St. Helen. The records at the county treasurer's will show that several tracts of these lands were delinquent for taxes as far back as 1879. Where the timber was all cut and manufactured and disposed of at an enormous profit, the stripped lands were for sale at \$5 per acre and accrued taxes to be paid by the purchaser. In some instances the taxes were higher than the price of the land; and there was no chance to buy on contract or on yearly installments. Nonresident settlers were unwilling to buy on such terms, and the lands remained unsold, taxes piling up and lumbering thereon. The lands of Jonathan Boyce in Roscommon township, of Wells, Stone & Co. in Nestor, and of a score or more of lumber dealers were all in the same condition.

Is the name "worthless pine barrens," a slander, or is it a reality? I say, and will uphold it before all the world, that it is not only a baseless, but a contemptible slander, and the idea of our forestry commission trying to revert Roscommon county into a howling wilderness may do well on paper, but can never be put into practice.

The idea of converting the finest agricultural lands into a forest of pine, which needs 150 years to grow before it can become marketable is simply absurd and ridiculous, and can only find its source in the minds of people bordering on insanity.

Let us for an instant examine the topographical situation of Roscommon county.

The county is situated in the center of the Michigan plateau in the northern part of the lower peninsula, and has an altitude of 700 feet above the level of the great lakes. The Muskegon flows westward into Lake Michigan, while the Au Sable flows eastward into Lake Huron. Higgins Lake, the grandest and most beautiful lake in the State, and Houghton lake, a small inland sea, and besides there is a score or more of smaller lakes, are all found in the county. A very small portion of the county is what is called plains, but these plains contain productive farms on which will grow every cereal, fruits, etc., the balance of the county will produce wheat, corn, rye, buckwheat, hay, turnips, bagas, all kinds of vegetables and fruits. That is the kind of land which the forestry commission has condemned to become a wilderness and to be inhabited only by bears, wolves and other denizens of the forest. Farmers now living on well-prodigious farms and now in a prosperous condition, after years of toil and privations, will be isolated from the outside world, or forced to sell out and vacate their beloved homes. Schools will be closed for lack of funds to maintain them and the christian religion will be banished and churches demolished; forestry lands will not be taxed and will be taken off the assessment rolls; there will not be enough taxable lands left to keep up county, township and school organizations, as it is decreed by the vandals, "delenda Roscommon"—Roscommon must be destroyed.

But there is still a population in the county, full of energy and bound not to be robbed and deprived of their homes and comforts of life.—The people are aroused and will never allow forestry to be established in this county. We are decided to stand by our rights, cost what it may, and as citizens of this great republic will defend our homes and families against the merciless intruder by all legal means, if possible, and by forcible means if necessary.

Citizens of Northern Michigan, let our rallying cry be: "Down with forestry!"

CHARLES L. DEWAELE,
Roscommon, Mich., Aug. 9.

To Save Her Child.

From frightful disfigurement, Mrs. Nannie Gallagher, of La Grange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It relieved her cuts, corns, all Eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Pimples, sores, bruises, skin diseases and piles, cured by its use. 25 cents.—Cure guaranteed by L. Fournier.

Republican State Judicial Convention.

DETROIT, MICH., August 1, '02.
To the Republican Electors of the State of Michigan.

The State Convention of the Republicans of Michigan is hereby called to meet at the Auditorium in the city of Grand Rapids, on Thursday, September 25th, 1902, at 11 o'clock, in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating a Justice of the Supreme Court, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the convention.

In accordance with the resolution of 1878 and 1890, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each 500 of the total vote cast therein for Governor at the last election in a Presidential year (November 1900), and one additional delegate for every fraction amounting to three hundred or more.

Under the resolutions of 1888, no delegate will be entitled to a seat in the convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

The delegates from the several counties in each congressional district are requested to meet in district caucuses at ten o'clock a. m., on the day of the state convention, and select officers as follows, to be presented to the state convention for confirmation:

- 1.—One Vice President.
- 2.—One Assistant Secretary.
- 3.—One member of the Committee on Credentials.
- 4.—One member of the Committee on Permanent Organization and Order of Business.
- 5.—One member of the Committee on Resolutions.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee.

GERHART J. DIEKEMA, Chairman.
DENNIS E. ALWARD, Secretary.

Astounded the Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised, "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, my wife was greatly run down. She had no vigor or strength, and suffered great distress from stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and after using four bottles, she is entirely well and can eat anything. It is a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles, it's a positive guaranteed cure. Only 50 c at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

When a Democratic article on trusts came to a point it invariably lays the blame on a "Protective Tariff." But it is easy to understand, after the experience with the Wilson-Gorman law, why a Free Trade argument should wear a disguise of some kind.—Republican, Tionesta, Pa.

Their Secret is Out.

All Sadville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whitaker, who had for a long time endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little granddaughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough." It positively cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by L. Fournier, who guarantees satisfaction or refunds money. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1. Trial bottles free.

A Beautiful Souvenir Free.

All merchants have not as yet adopted the use of our new premium plan, but thousands of merchants throughout the country use it. Ask your dealer to give you one of the Traders' Premium Ticket Books, and if he has not as yet adopted this popular advertising plan in his business, or does not know anything about it, fill out the following coupon with your name, address, and the name and address of your dealer, send it to us and we will send you FREE OF CHARGE for your trouble, a copy of the beautiful Frances E. Willard Souvenir, designed by the famous artist Mary A. Lathbury, who was Miss Willard's close friend. It consists of three panels, each eight inches wide and eleven inches long, beautifully lithographed in ten colors, and is worth \$1.00.

MONARCH BOOK COMPANY,
381-385 Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of the Willard Souvenir free. My dealer's name and address, who does not use the Traders' Premium Ticket Book System is:

Name.....
Address.....
My name and address is:
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches on the skin it's liver trouble. Dr. King's New Life Pills are infallible for jaundice, biliousness, migraines, fever and all liver and stomach troubles. Gentle but effective. Only 25c. at L. Fournier's drug store.

Election Notice.

Michigan Department of State,
Lansing.

To George F. Owen, Sheriff of Crawford County, Grayling, Mich.
Sir:—You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in this state, on Tuesday, November fourth, 1902, the following officers are to be elected, viz:

A Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Auditor General, Attorney General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Commissioner of the State Land Office; also a member of the State Board of Education for full term; member of the State Board of Education for the term expiring December 31st, 1904; Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill vacancy for the term expiring December 31st, 1907; Representative in Congress for the Tenth Congressional District of which Crawford County is a part; Senator for the Twenty-eighth Senatorial District, comprising the counties of Clare, Gladwin, Oscoda, Alcona, Ogemaw, Iosco, Crawford, Missaukee, Roscommon and Arenac; Representative in the State Legislature for the Presque Isle Representative District, comprising the counties of Crawford, Montmorency, Presque Isle, Oscoda and Otsego.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto attached my signature and the Great Seal of the State this fifteenth day of August, nineteen hundred two.

FRED M. WARNER,
Secretary of State.

Election Notice.

Office of the Sheriff of Crawford County, Mich.

GRAYLING, August 28, 1902.

To the Electors of the County of Crawford.
You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in this state on Tuesday, November 4th, 1902, the following officers are to be elected, viz:

A Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Auditor General, Attorney General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Commissioner of the State Land Office; also a member of the State Board of Education for full term; member of the State Board of Education for the term expiring December 31st, 1904; Justice of the Supreme Court to fill vacancy for the term expiring December 31st, 1907; also a Representative in Congress for the Tenth Congressional District of this state to which this county belongs; also a Senator for the Twenty-eighth Senatorial District of this State, comprising the counties of Clare, Gladwin, Oscoda, Alcona, Ogemaw, Iosco, Crawford, Missaukee, Roscommon and Arenac; also one Representative in the State Legislature for the Presque Isle Representative District, comprising the counties of Crawford, Montmorency, Presque Isle, Oscoda and Otsego; also for the County of Crawford a Sheriff, a County Clerk, a Register of Deeds, a County Treasurer, a Prosecuting Attorney, a Circuit Court Commissioner, a County Surveyor, and two Coronors.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, on the day and date above written.

GEO. F. OWEN,
Sheriff of Crawford County.

Mortgage Sale.

WHEREAS, Default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1894, executed by Nina M. Valand to William Smith, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the County of Crawford in Liber B of mortgages on page 130 on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1894 at 10 o'clock A. M., and whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said William Smith to Reuben P. Forbes, by assignment dated the 11th day of April, A. D. 1896, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said County of Crawford, on the 13th day of April, A. D. 1896, at one o'clock P. M., in Liber F of mortgages, on page 447; and whereas said mortgage has also been assigned by the said Reuben P. Forbes to John Rasmussen by assignment bearing date the 31st day of December, A. D. 1896, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of said County of Crawford, on the 28th day of December, A. D. 1896 at 4 o'clock P. M., in Liber F of mortgages on page 451, and the same is now owned by him.

And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of four hundred and eighty one dollars and forty four cents of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the said power of sale and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in Grayling Village, in said County of Crawford, that being the place of holding the circuit court within said Crawford County, on the 23rd day of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Maple Forest in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The Southeast one-fourth (1/4) of the Southeast one-fourth (1/4) of section twenty seven (27) in town twenty eight (28) north of Range three (3) West Dated August 14th 1902.

JOHN RASMUSSEN,
Assignee.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER,
Attorney.

ADVERTISERS

of others, who wish to advertise, the prices, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., in the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

GO TO SALLING, HANSON & CO.

The leading Dealers in

Dry Goods,

—AND—

Furnishing Goods

Shoes,

FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,

Hardware,

Tinware, Glassware,

Crockery,

Hay, Grain, Feed

—AND—

Building Material.

Farmers, call,

and get prices before disposing

of your products, and profit thereby

We sell the Sherwin Williams Paint,

the peer of all others.

Salling, Hanson & Company,

DEALERS IN

Logs, Lumber and General Merchandise.

Business will continue!

I have bought the stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes

—AND—

Furnishing Goods

formerly owned by Kramer Brothers, and shall continue

the business at the corner store, soliciting your patronage

in return for good goods at fair prices, and courteous

treatment.

JULIUS ABLOWITZ,

The leading Dry Goods and Clothing Merchant.

Strictly One Price.

The Corner Store. GRAYLING, Mich.

ARE YOU DEAF?

ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF

DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING

ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.

About five years ago, my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored! I thank you heartily and beg to remain

Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 725 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.

Examination and advice free. YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME at a nominal cost.

INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

TO OUR READERS.

Here is the Greatest Bargain We

Have Ever Offered you.

The Crawford Avalanche.

—AND—

The Twice-a-Week Detroit

Free Press.

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR

FOR ONLY \$1.65.

Remember that by taking advantage of this combination you get 52 copies of the "Crawford Avalanche" and 104 copies of the Free Press.

Black Smithing

—AND—

Wood Work!

The undersigned has largely added to his shop and is now better than ever prepared to do general repairing in iron or wood.

HORSE SHOEING

will be given special attention and done scientifically.

Reapers and Mowers.

I have obtained the agency for the HUCKEY E line of Reapers and Mowers, which are conceded to be the lightest running and most durable machines on the market. Call and examine the late improvements before contracting for machines.

Prices right for work or stock.

mar14-ly DAVID FLAGG.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN ss.

County of Crawford, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the village of Grayling, on Monday, the 11th day of August, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two.

Present, John C. Hanson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph Patterson, (deceased).

On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Mabel C. Patterson, Executor of said Estate, stating that she is now ready, and prepared to render her final account of her administration, and prays that a time and place may be assigned for the examination of her final account with said Estate, and that notice be given to all parties interested to appear at said hearing.

THAT upon it is ORDERED, That Monday, the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1902, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the next of kin of said Joseph Patterson, and all other persons interested in said Estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate Office in the Village of Grayling, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Crawford, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN C. HANSON,

Aug. 14, '02 Judge of Probate.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. Keep you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

AMERICA'S GREATEST WEEKLY

THE "TOLEDO BLADE,"

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The Great National Weekly News

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daily news. All current topics made plain

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matter, written from inception down

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especially for people who do or do not

read daily newspapers, and yet thirst

for plain facts. That this kind of a

newspaper is popular, is proven by

the fact that the Weekly Blade now

has over 178,000 yearly subscribers,

and is circulated in all parts of the

U. S. In addition to the news, The

Blade publishes short and serial

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matter suited to every member of the

family. Only one dollar a year.

Write for free specimen copy. Address

THE BLADE,

Toledo, Ohio

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

TIME CARD—GOING NORTH.

LY. GRAYLING. AR. AT MACLENA W.

Maclelaw Express, 4.15 p. m. 6.50 p. m.

Maclelaw Exp. 4.30 a. m. 7.00 a. m.

Way Freight, 9.30 a. m. 6.05 p. m.

Accommodation, 12.00 p. m

The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1902.

LOCAL ITEMS.

TAKE NOTICE.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year in advance. If your time is up please renew promptly. A X following your name means, we want our money.

Forty cents worth of Tobacco for 25 cents, at J. W. SORENSON'S.

Alabaster, in all colors, for sale at A. Kraus' Hardware Store.

Subscribe and pay for the Avalanche, \$1.00 per year, in advance.

Be sure to look for the notice of the "Silhouette Social," in our next issue.

School will commence Tuesday, the 2nd, instead of Monday, as that is a holiday.

Buy your Poultry Netting at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

Mr. Geo. Langevin reports seeing a large rattlesnake, a short distance from town, while berrying.

Miss Florence M. Vantile, of Goodrich, Mich., is a guest at the home of County Treasurer, J. J. Coventry.

A. M. Nelson had another horse killed by the cars, two miles out on the Lewiston road, last week.

N. Michelson is visiting and doing business in Jackson and Detroit this week.

If you are in want of a Cook or a Heating Stove, call on A. Kraus. He keeps the best.

Our band were called to attend the excursion to Charlevoix, last Sunday. Their music is appreciated.

R. D. Connine and family are visiting at the parental home in Traverse City.

R. Richardson is putting up a large addition to his residence on Peninsula Avenue.

If you use Tobacco, then be sure and use my special offer.

J. W. SORENSON.

Buy your Garden Hose and Sprinklers at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

A. L. Pond brought us a floral freak, a sun flower with three blossoms on a single stem, making a solid head.

FOR SALE—Milk Cows. Enquire at this office. Now is the time to buy.

W. J. Tyler and wife, of East Saginaw, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tyler, for a few days last week.

Call at Miss Allie Croteau's and see the latest in Ladies' and Misses' head wear.

Andy Smith returned from Wisconsin, last week, where he has been for the past year or more. He was glad to get home to see the people.

Barbed Wire, at the lowest price, at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

Several of our carpenters are at Michelson's big farm putting up a big farm house, and a stone horse barn 34x48 feet in size.

Mrs. S. Dugay has been visiting old friends here for the past two weeks, and returned to her home at Brown City, Tuesday.

J. C. Burton and family have the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Wm. Burton and two children, of Saginaw.

Detroit White Lead Works Paints and Oil. Always Glass and Putty in stock, at A. Kraus' Hardware Store.

The best Clover, Timothy, Alsike Clover, and Hungarian Seed, cheap, at Salling, Hanson & Co's.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Eickhoff are the grand-parents to a young preacher, born to Rev. and Mrs. S. G. Taylor, on the 10th inst.

If you WANT the best, you want the Karpen Couch. Money can buy nothing better.

J. W. SORENSON

Mr. Phillip Coventry returned from Holly, Tuesday evening. We are glad to know that he is rapidly recovering his health.

Two prisoners escaped from the Roscommon jail, in broad daylight, while under the care of an extra guard, one day last week.

Rev. F. C. Wood, of Albia, formerly of Gaylord, was a welcome caller at our sanctum, Monday. We are glad to note his recovery from paralysis of right side.

There is a pretty girl in an Alpine hat.

A sweet girl in a sailor brim, But the handsomest girl you'll ever see.

Is the sensible girl who uses Rocky Mountain Tea.

Ask your Druggist.

The annual school meeting for the election of officers, etc., will be held at the High School room next Monday evening.

A X on a lot of papers, this week, will be a gentle reminder to the readers who get it, that their subscription has expired, and we need the \$ a year, in advance.

The postmaster's house is lonely again. His sisters, Miss Agnes Bates has gone to Canada, for an extended visit, and Kathryn has gone to Grand Rapids.

School will commence next Tuesday, and the scholars will govern themselves accordingly. Prof. Bradley and family will reside in S. S. Chaggett's old home, on Ogemaw St.

The Grayling Electric Lighting and Power Co., are building their dam two feet higher so as to give them additional power which their increasing business requires.

Mrs. Woodworth's Millinery Store and the Am. Exp. Office will occupy the Red Front Store. More room is required, and they will have more pleasant quarters.

Last Tuesday was the 38th birthday of Mrs. Julius Nelson. Many friends, numerous presents, and a splendid lunch made the anniversary a most enjoyable one.

John Burt and family returned from their visit to his childhood home, Tuesday. They have had a happy time but are glad to be home again.

Mrs. L. Fournier, and son, Arthur, are expected to return from their visit with friends in Canada, next Saturday evening, and Mr. L. on Sunday or Monday morning.

Edward Kiely, one of Roscommon's most respected citizens, died at St. Mary's Hospital, at Saginaw, on the 11th inst., and was buried at Avoca, his old home.

Makes the fires of life burn with a steady glow. Renews the golden happy days of youth. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents. Ask your druggist.

If it wasn't popular, if it wasn't loved by the people, why do druggists say, "We have something just as good as the Madison Medicine Co's. Rocky Mountain Tea. Think it over. 35 cents. Ask your druggist."

Israel Porter Pritchard, who has lived the life of a hermit on an island in Higgins Lake, for over twenty years, was found dead in his miserable shanty, last week, and was buried by the authorities.

A smart M. C. newsboy giving the name of Joseph Day, flim-flamed a lady out of four dollars last week and Justice McElroy said \$25.00 and costs, or 90 days in Detroit. He took the trip.

H. C. Ward was in town last week and grows enthusiastic over his big orchard in Maple Forest, as well as may with over 50,000 trees just coming into bearing, and all promising in their future.

John Dell has either divined our needs or our taste, or else decided that we needed a little "brain food," for he sent us a 16 pound pickerel, that he rescued from the waters of Portage Lake, last week. Thanks.

Rev. Mr. Stephens held services at the Protestant Methodist church last Saturday evening, and will be here again Sunday evening, Sept. 7th. A general invitation is extended, and it is hoped the church will be filled.

We are informed that the Farmer's Picnic has been called off for lack of interest. The Grangers will give a picnic about the middle of September. We will publish particulars later, as the date has not been decided on.

Miss Jennie Ingle has returned from a pleasant outing at Detroit and The Flats. She came across the lake in an Electric Launch, and had an exciting trip as they were caught in a severe squall, which was all the craft could weather.

John Malco has just returned from the southern part of the State, where he was called by an accident, resulting in the death of his brother. He was leading a wild cow and thrown down in such a way that his back was broken.

Mrs. T. E. Douglas, accompanied by her father, W. E. Husted, and sister, Miss Marguerite, of West Branch, took advantage of the excursion to Niagara Falls. They visited with relatives in different parts of Canada during the week and report a very pleasant time.

N. Michelson has threshed eighteen acres of his Dawson Golden Chaff Wheat, which gave him 512 bushels, an average of twenty-eight bushels and a half. He will thresh the balance of his crop, eighty acres, as soon as the new granary is completed.

F. O. Peck's pump delivered to him a fine specimen of a "Hair Snake" one day last week. The reptile was about ten inches long and lived as a cricket, and was the object of considerable interest when he brought it down town in a can of water.

Last Thursday was the ninth anniversary of the birth of Miss Lizzie Holmes, step-daughter of Mr. Geo. Langevin. She received many presents, one of which was a doll three feet in length. There were nine guests, each of whom received a doll as a souvenir of the occasion.

Pros. Atty DeWaele of Roscommon, was in town on business, a few days since, feeling the evidences of prosperity on every hand, and ready to continue fighting the wild forestry scheme advocated for this section. We understand that he will succeed himself in his official position, which he has ably filled.

A well known and respected fireworks manufacturer died recently in the North of England. His wife ordered an expensive tomb stone to be erected in his memory. She was much perturbed, for no epitaph submitted to her did she consider suitable. After a prolonged and diligent search she discovered one she thought to be appropriate, on the tombstone of a prominent musician in a Manchester cemetery. Now on the memorial stone of this noted fireworks manufacturer it is stated that "He has gone to the place where his works are excelled."

L. W. Hardwicke, a representative of the Detroit Tribune was in town the first of last week, in the interest of that journal, which proposes to publish a 50,000 edition for the interest of Northern Michigan, for a price. It is a good scheme all around. The Tribune will make some money, and it will be a grand advertisement for the "worthless plains," unless the paper publishes the good things as an advertisement, and then editorially denounces the country. Anything can be expected of the Tribune.

A Lansing dispatch says, a representative of a Cleveland syndicate has written Auditor General Powers for a tax history of the lands granted to the Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette Railroad in the Upper Peninsula. He stated in his letter that it was the intention of the parties to represent to purchase the lands, which amount to 1,000,000 acres in Michigan, Alger, Schoolcraft, Mackinac and Luce Counties, and as there are no delinquencies on the lands at present the purchase will probably be consummated. It was not stated in the letter to the Auditor General the purpose for which the lands will be bought.

The Olivet College Bulletin for July shows that it is far less expensive to attend college than many suppose. The simple fact is that ambitious young men and women to-day cannot afford not to go to college. It will cost far more—in the long run—not to go. Even one year at college pays; it is the best possible investment of both time and money. The authorities at Olivet have always aimed to keep expenses as low as possible in order that a student of limited means but rich in possible development of mind and heart, may secure the best in the way of a liberal education. With economy \$200.00 will meet all necessary expenses for a year, and a few get through on less. There is no need of Michigan students leaving the State for an education.

Superintendent of Public Instruction, Delos Fall, sends notice of two decisions of the Supreme Court, just handed down, which will interest school officers and teachers. The first is one that those who have purchased school apparatus etc., not specified in the law, will want to read, viz: Where an order purports upon its face to be issued by a school district, and is signed by the school officers in the ordinary place for signatures, and at the left in fine print, are the words, "issued by authority of officers of said district and payment guaranteed," and a space is left underneath for the guarantors, it is held, first that the purchaser took the order subject to the authority of the school district to issue, and second, that such school officers are not liable as guarantors.

The second decision, is to the effect that all the terms of a teacher's contract must be in writing and recovery cannot be had on an alleged oral agreement changing or extending the original written agreement, even though such oral agreement has been performed by the teacher.

The United States Supreme Court has a knotty question to decide, the right of a saloon-keeper to sell liquor to women the same as men. Colorado is one of the States where women are allowed to vote. Denver has an ordinance prohibiting the selling of liquor to women. The saloon keeper who was arrested, contends that if women have the right to vote the same as men, they also have the right to drink liquor, if they want to, the same as men, and he cannot see why he should not have as much right to sell liquor to women as to men, or why the female sex have not as much right to imbibe, if so inclined, as men. He claims that it is not a question of equal rights, but of protection, demanded by society and hence has appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court. Exchange.

Frederic Itoma.

Mr. Smith, an old pioneer, 90 years old, died on the 9th, after a short illness. He left Wolford, Ontario, for Huron county, 30 years ago, and from there he came to this county, about 22 years since.

Rev. J. J. Willets is attending a Conference of the M. P. Church; in the southern part of the State.

The notice of the death of Miss O. Wilber, was overlooked in my last letter. She was an estimable young lady, and died after a long illness from heart failure.

A large number from here took in the excursion to Mackinaw Island, last Sunday. They all report a good time, but tired. It is certainly worth the trouble and tired feeling to spend a short time on the island.

The Lawn Social was a success, clearing about \$14.00.

There will be a Church Fair held here Sept. 12th and 14th. To make it a success all must lend a helping hand. It is the pennies make the dollars. The fair, it is presumed will be held in the Town Hall.

Next Monday is School Meeting day. The quinquennial, where can all the children be seated during school hours. Our school building is far too small to meet the requirements of our increasing population.

Petition for the Appointment of a Guardian.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,) ss.
COUNTY OF CRAWFORD,) ss.
A session of the Probate Court, for the County of Crawford, holden at the Probate Office in the Village of Grayling, on Thursday, the 31st day of August, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two.

PRESENT, John C. Hanson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Olga Phelps, (nee Olga Hanson), Fritz Hanson, Emil Hanson, Holger Hanson and Magnus Hanson, heirs of Rasmus H. Rasmussen, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified of William Fischer, uncle of the minor heirs of said deceased, praying that himself or some other suitable person, be appointed Guardian of the property and persons of said minor heirs, and that such other proceedings may be had in the premises as may be required by the statute in such case made and provided.

Thereupon it is Ordered, That Monday, the 22nd day of September, A. D. 1902, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the next of kin and heirs of said Rasmus H. Rasmussen, and all other persons interested in said Estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Village of Grayling, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is Further Ordered, That said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Crawford, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN C. HANSON,
JUDGE OF PROBATE.

Aug 28w4

SOMETHING NEW!

A. KRAUS & SON

Have just received a new line of

Clothing, Dry Goods and Shoes,

which they would like to have examined by the people of Grayling and vicinity.

We have a special line of Dollar Hats, in all the latest styles, which are beyond comparison.

Our Men's and Boys Clothing is the best which New York tailors can put upon the market.

The wonderful success of our Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes and Gent's Furnishing Department is entirely due to the style, variety and quality of the goods we handle, and the remarkably low prices at which they are sold.

We are agents for the Royal Tailors Custom-made Clothing.

Respectfully

A. KRAUS & SON.

Drygoods, Clothing, Shoes, and Furnishings,

One Price Store.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

IF YOU WANT

A "HARRISON WAGON,"

"The Best On Wheels,"

OR A

CLIPPER PLOW, or a

GALE PLOW, or a

HARROW, (Spike, Spring or Wheel.)

CULTIVATOR or WHEEL HOE,

Or Any Implement Made

A CHAMPION BINDER,

Or MOWER, DAISY HAY RAKE,

Or Any Style of CARRIAGE,

Call at the Warehouse in rear of Avalanche Office

O. PALMER.

CLIPPER PLOW, or a

GALE PLOW, or a

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O. PALMER.

CLIPPER PLOW, or a

WEALTH IN A BOG.

An Easterner Taught California Land Owners a Lesson.

BOUGHT UP PEATLAND

This He Turned Into a Celery Farm and Started a Great Industry.

First Crop of Celery Raised on Land Which Was Bought for a Song—Production and Marketing of the Crop Is Full of Interest—Many of the Eastern States Are Supplied and Some Heavy Profits Are Made.

There is many a fortune lost by not being able to recognize a good thing when one sees it. Some one, a great many years ago, said that opportunity calls but once upon the same person. He is supposed to rap at the door and if he gets no answer he passes on never to return that way. This sounded so wise and fanciful that it became a proverb, but like many other accepted sayings, has not a grain of truth in it. As a matter of fact, opportunity is hanging about each man's door fairly aching for an invitation to come in, but most men are so obtuse they do not recognize him.

When the old man, a goodly portion of a few years ago, that a heavily farmed of his lands at Smelter, Orange county, in Southern California, lay in the big tule swamp, he was sorry he had bought them. A little later, when a valuable team with which he was endeavoring to break up a portion of the peat lands became bogged and

stand the work. The planting begins in June and continues through July and August, and the hot summer sun beats down upon the fields and the heat and the rank odors of the swamp, laden with fever and malaria, are more than the average white man can endure. The Orientals, however, keep healthy, as a rule, and do not seem to much mind the heat.

In a week or so after the plants have been set, the laborers go through the patch and press the dirt around the plants in such a manner as to cause the stalks to grow uprightly and close together. This process is repeated two or three times and then the "bankers,"



BOG SHOES WORN BY HORSES.

as the two-share plows are called, are put into the field and the soil is thrown up against the plants, burying all but the tops. As the stalks push upward the banking is repeated and the stalks are thus kept bleaching. This is also done with horse power. A four-wheeled vehicle fitted with sharp knives which pass under the rows of celery is drawn through the fields, clipping the stalks from the roots and leaving them still standing in the rows. So rapidly do these machines do the work but five teams and machines are required to harvest the crop from the entire 3,000 acres.

Following the cutters come a small army of Celostials who take the sev-



AT WORK IN THE FIELD—CUTTING.

went down and down, in spite of all his efforts to save them, till they disappeared beneath the rich, black, oozy soil, never to reappear, he was still more regretful. He had, nevertheless, a good thing, but he did not know it. The bog was opportunity, but it took another to discover it.

Eight or nine years ago a Santa Anna from the East wandered down to Santa Anna and there saw Mexicans and Chinese hauling wagon loads of dried peat about town, selling the product for fuel. Peat burns very nicely when properly prepared, and coal and wood being extremely scarce in Southern California, a number of persons managed to get a fair living out of the big tule swamp. The stranger had never heard of the great peat bog, but he asked some questions and learned all about it. Then he went down to Smelter and saw it for himself. Next he began purchasing all the swamp land he could buy.

Stranger's Devel Head. Public opinion was divided regarding the stranger. He must be either idiotic or insane, the people thought, and the bog was about a tie as to which was the case. Nevertheless the owners of the swamp lands made haste to profit by his supposed mental infirmity, and they eagerly unloaded some of the bog upon him. One of them, Hervey among the number, retained a part of the bog land just to see if the stranger really had a rational motive in acquiring the well-nigh worthless real estate. They are now congratulating themselves that they did so.

Some of this swamp land brought the owners as much as \$10 an acre. The most of it, however, went for less than half that sum. To-day the land is worth \$400 an acre, and off the 3,000 acres which are being utilized the owners will obtain this year a revenue of \$800,000.

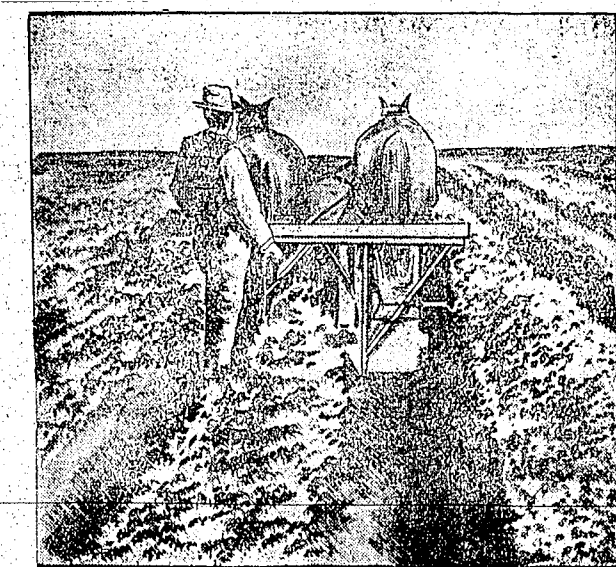
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and a hundred other cities in the East are eating celery raised in the great tule swamp of Orange county. More than 20 cars a day are shipped from the fields and the most of it goes east of the Mississippi river. It has taken some work and expense to put the swamp in condition to bring this income, but nothing compared with the return it yields.

The first work was to drain the swamp sufficiently to permit of the land being worked. In order to do this a huge drainage canal, 14 feet wide and 12 feet deep, was run from the swamp to the ocean four miles away. The lateral drains empty into this. Chinese labor was employed in digging the ditches and laying the tile through the soft earth and the same labor was used in clearing the swamp of the tule and other growth and putting the ground in condition to be plowed. Then came the problem, how to plow the land. Notwithstanding the drainage the lands were still soft and spongy and the danger of bogging the horses was not slight. The stranger from the East was again equal to the emergency. He had, in the course of his travels, had experience in navigating upon snowshoes, and he proceeded to rig shoes for the horses on a modified snowshoe plan. Now the horses plow the land, bank the celery, put the cutting machines over the fields and carry away the crop in safety.

Cheap Labor Employed. Nearly all the labor employed is Chinese and Japanese. This is not so much because that kind of labor is cheaper than other kinds—though that feature of the case is not objected to—as it is that the white men can not

ered stalks by the tops and lift them from the earth, and with rapid and skillful motions shake the dirt there from, trim the roots and tops with knives made for the purpose, and lay the stalks to one side of the row where the packers find them and tie them into bundles and put them in crates ready for shipment. The harvest begins in October and lasts till well toward the spring. As the rainy season begins about November 1, it will be seen that the most of this work takes place at the most disagreeable season of the year. Day after day the yellow men drag their mud-laden feet up and down the long rows, and amid the pelting, chilly rains work steadily and uncomplainingly on, receiving at the end of the week a pittance the white man would scorn; and yet, most of these laborers have a comfortable bank account.

It takes strong soil to raise good celery year after year, and this is just what the soil of the peat swamp is. For hundreds, thousands and perhaps millions of years the rains of winter have carried down to the tule-swamp the vegetation of the mountains mixed with the soil borne along with the rushing torrents the rains send down



BANKING THE CELERY WITH A DOUBLE PLOW.

their steep sides. In this natural sink the vegetation has decayed and sank beneath the next layer brought down from the "everlasting hills." Thus nature has formed one of the best soils that could be found for the purpose for which it is now being used. After the last of the crop has been taken from the fields, the ground is plowed and sown to barley. Just before planting time, the barley, which has by this time attained a rank growth, is plowed under and its luxuriance goes to enrich the soil and minister to the demands of the new celery crop.

Last season's output of celery from this erstwhile bog was fully 1,200 cars. As each car holds 150 crates and each crate contains six dozen stalks, it will be seen that the product of the swamp reached nearly 13,000,000 stalks. This brought in the market more than \$900,000, fully one-half of which found its way into the pockets of the grower. Truly a handsome sum to pull from the coxy mud of a peat bog.

What Adam Was Doing. It was midnight. Suddenly in the Adam residence there was a cry, then a series of howls, and one of the neigh-

bors, passing by, heard the head of the horse use language that was calculated to loose the thunderbolts of heaven on the whole neighborhood. She stopped, ran up to the door, and, pressing the button, listened eagerly at the speaking tube. "What in the world is your husband doing?" she asked, as the dulcet voice of Eve inquired her errand. "Oh," replied Eve, "he is merely raising Cain. It requires strong language to raise a child like that." And thus an expression was coined which promises to outlast history itself. —Portland Oregonian.

DIED OF STARVATION.

Sad Fate of a Prospector in that Great Deathtrap, the Colorado Desert.

J. P. Fay recently returned from a trip across the Colorado desert, with news of the death of J. A. Adams, Deputy County Surveyor of San Bernardino County and a grandson of John Brown, the abolitionist of national fame, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. Adams met with a horrible death, wandering away from the surveying camp while temporarily deranged, and perishing of starvation. "We were out on the desert prospecting for gold," said Fay. "An Indian, whom we had employed to show us where to find water on the desert, caught his foot in the stirrup while mounting his horse and fell on his back. The horse started to run, dragging the Indian by one foot. As the ground was covered by jagged rocks, the Indian would have been killed had not Adams run up and saved the horse by the bit. The animal, wild with fright, reared and plunged. Adams was twice thrown upon the rocks, and once the horse's hoof struck him, but he still gripped the bit until Mr. Lamere and I succeeded in releasing the Indian."

"After all the danger was over Adams sat down upon a rock and began laughing, and when asked if he was hurt replied: 'Oh, no; I'm only a little tired, but I guess you will have to help me set this arm.' We then started for Yuma, Adams riding some twenty-five miles that afternoon and never once complaining, though we could see by his drawn features that he was suffering intense pain."

"At dusk we camped for the night, and within an hour the sick man was delirious and raving like a madman. Some time during the night he left camp. As soon as we discovered that he had gone we made every effort to find him, but could not do much until daylight, when we found his tracks in the sand. We followed the tracks all that day and until about 9 o'clock the next day, when we came to a hard, rocky place at the foot of some rock hills. Here we lost the trail, and, try as we might, we could not find it again. 'For three days we searched the hills, but not a trace of the man could we discover, though we well knew that somewhere within a radius of twenty or thirty miles lay the body of one of the bravest men that ever lost his life in that great deathtrap—the Colorado desert.'

WAITERS AND EYEGASSES.

Hotels and Restaurants Object to Help Wearing Optical Aids.

"Ever see a waiter wearing glasses?" demanded the inquirer.

No one could remember, although just why a waiter should not be seen with glasses as well as any other man was not apparent.

"It's just like the wearing of beards," went on the inquirer, "the proprietors of our important hotels, restaurants and cafes will not permit either beards or glasses to be worn by their waiters. It is possible that in some old-fashioned family or commercial hotel the waiters may be found with their noses straddled by optical helps, but you won't find 'em along Broadway."

"Now, this is a fact worthy of note, because in every other calling in life the number of persons wearing glasses is on the increase, and even in our schools a considerable percentage of very small children will be found wear-

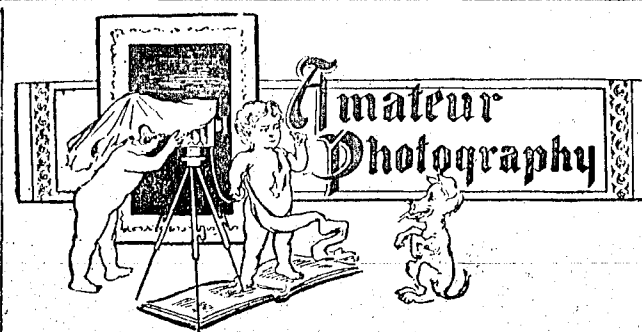
ing glasses. And while, as I say, hotel, restaurant and cafe proprietors are opposed to the glasses, still I have seldom found a waiter—whose eyes indicated that he was in the slightest need of them.

"You may argue that restaurant waiters are generally young men. Grant you that instantly, but, all the same, thousands of men of similar age have to wear them in almost every other occupation."

"The majority of these waiters commence in boyhood, and the demand of their vocation causes no strain on the eyesight. Consequently that may account in a measure for the absence of any necessity for the use of spectacles. Moreover, the steam from hot viands would render them useless probably."

Largest Farm Known. The biggest average farm in the world is in South Australia, where the average squatter holds 78,000 acres.

There is nothing in the wide, wild world that so speedily pounds sense into a foolish girl as marriage to an improvident man.



The advance made in papers has been notable. It is no longer necessary to go to all the trouble formerly required for toning, fixing and washing. Some of the papers now in the market are simplicity itself to handle, with the results under ordinary care excellent.

It is a good idea when arranging the composition of a picture to remember what William Morris says about the home, to "have nothing in it that is not either useful or that you believe beautiful," and not put anything in unless it has a definite purpose. A famous Munich painter once said. "I was not satisfied with a picture, but could not tell why, he took something out of it and got at the reason."

When it comes to paying \$10,500 for a 4x5 camera, it suggests very forcibly the truth of the saying that some people and their money are soon parted. But the Sultan of Morocco has paid that for one, and \$4,500 for another. The most expensive one is mounted throughout in 18-karat gold, and the other is sterling silver. Of course the finest lenses known to the trade are included, but with such an old cigar box could do the work as well as the gold-mounted one.

The best method of quickly drying a negative from which prints are wanted immediately is, as soon as the negative has been developed, fixed and thoroughly washed to immerse it for two or three minutes in pure alcohol, then remove and stand it on a piece of blotting paper, where it may be fanned for two or three minutes if desired, at the end of which time the negative will be dry and ready for printing. The reason of this is, that the alcohol expels the water from the film and in turn evaporates on exposure to the air.

It must be admitted that the use of short focus lenses is not calculated to get the best out of a picture. Compare two photographs, one taken with a short focus lens and the other with a long focus, and the superiority of the latter is at once apparent. The demand for compact cameras has brought the short focus lens into use, but it is undeniable that they are hard on perspective and artistic worth. The best authorities say a lens should have a focal length of at least the

QUARRYMAN'S BATTLE WITH VICIOUS SNAKES.



Evran Braunton, working in a stone quarry near Mouldsville, Va., uncovered a den of vicious copperhead snakes. As soon as the reptiles were unearthed they showed fight, but Evans killed thirty-six, while at least two managed to escape to other dens. They averaged two feet in length.

DON'T KNOW WHAT AILED MARY.

When John Dalton came back from the asylum where he had gone to place his wife, his neighbor, Perry, met him at the station and went home with him, that he might not enter the empty house alone. The old man was stunned and dazed.

"I don't know what ailed Mary," he said, dully. "You see how clean and snug this house is? She always kept things so. Up before dawn, milking and baking and washing. Same thing done at the same hour, year in and year out. She hadn't complained of sickness for forty years. Then, all at once, she began talking of an iron band around her jaws and queer pains in her head."

"She seldom went to town, did she?" asked Perry.

"Never, hardly. 'I'm not much of a hand for gadding about to no purpose. She used to want to go to church Sundays, but I didn't just like to hitch up when there was no work to do. But I wish now I'd done that for Mary."

"She didn't visit much with the neighbors, either, did she?" asked Perry.

"No. That was my doing, too. When the old man's work is done, I want to put my slippers and rest, and then to bed, and not go skimming about or having a lot of company in."

He was silent a while. "I don't know what ailed Mary," he said again. "She would sit looking at nothing, straight ahead of her, by the hour, and then cry, yet always saying she had no trouble. And she got weaker every day, and then her mind went altogether. I don't know me, nor even her own name."

diagonal of the plate used. Wide angle lenses are excepted.

An English writer suggests an admirable method of taking snap-shot pictures in the crowded street where, under the ordinary method of manipulation, figures close at hand are very apt to cut off the view. His method of working consists in holding the camera over his head and upside down, composing the picture in the view finder and making his exposure in this position. Of course all cameras are not adapted to this method of working, but where a camera other than a magazine is used it is perfectly possible. It should be remembered, however, that great care must be taken to keep the camera from movement when the exposure is made.

Mr. J. E. Green, writing in the London Photographic News, draws attention to a feature in development that cannot be too strongly emphasized. This is the fitting of the various stages. A watch in the dark room is almost as essential as the developer. Mr. Greene says:

We may discover any marked error in exposure by noting carefully the length of time which expires from the flowing-on of the normal developer. We may call this period the "pre-natal" stage of development—the stage preceding the birth of the image.

When it is known what the length of the pre-natal stage of development should be for a normal exposure, its accurate observation is a valuable aid to the early detection of abnormal exposure. If we find by numerous trials that, after normal exposures the length of the pre-natal stage is about fifteen seconds, or say from forty-five to fifty-five seconds, we know, surely, that we have an over-exposure when the image appears in thirty or thirty-five seconds; and if the image does not appear for sixty, seventy or eighty seconds, we have an under-exposure.

If to these hints of Mr. Greene's we add that every developer, as discovered by Mr. Watkins, has a factor of its own, which, if multiplied by the number of seconds in this pre-natal period, will give the total time of development, it will be seen that the process of producing a negative is very considerably simplified.—Exchange.

and irritable. I thought the steady work and loneliness were telling on them. So I got that parlor organ, and paid for a year's lessons for Susy. We had music and singing every evening, and the young folks would gather in with their reading clubs. Then I took two or three papers; my wife is a main hand for guessing the riddles. And once a week I took her an' Susy up to town for a walk."

"Yes," said Dalton, dryly. "You spent a lot of money, I've heard."

"It's bringing me in good interest," they sat in silence a while. Then Perry put his hand on the old man's knee. "When she comes back, if she ever does come, I'd open up a book for her, Dalton. You know how it is with potatoes. You plant the best kind in good ground, and they yield splendid crops for a year or two. Then they begin to dwindle and rot."

"Of course the ground runs out. They need new soil."

"Yes. You plant them in a different lot, and they yield big, healthy crops. Human beings are like them, Dalton. You've got to renew the soil, give them fresh food for their minds, or they'll dwindle and rot."

Dalton did not speak for a long time. "There's something in it," he said, finally. "I'll do different—if I ever have the chance." —Youth's Companion.

CANDLE MADE OF WOOD.



For years and years before our boys in blue invaded Cuba there were two candlesticks on the altar in the chapel of old Cabañas, one of the outer forts protecting the city of Havana. This fort was used as a prison (principally for Cuban patriots), as well as for defense.

When a patriot was ordered to be shot he was allowed time to go to the little chapel in the fort and say his prayers before the altar, after which he would be led to the gallows and executed. It would be like to speculate as to the number of poor fellows who had thus offered up their prayers before these candlesticks and then gone out to their death.

The body of the candlestick is wood, covered with a plaster of Paris decoration and then gilded. The "candle" is of wood, with an imitation dripping of wax down the side. The "wick" is in reality a small nail driven in at the top.

The one from which this illustration was made is in Brooklyn, while the other is in Detroit, Mich.

ENGINEERS FEAR OMENS.

They Believe that Accidents Are Foretold by Strange Omens. Railroad engineers are a superstitious set. Most of them hold the belief that danger is usually preceded by a warning sign.

A man who has worked for years on the Rio Grande says that never since he was married has he been in a wreck but his wife had predicted it before-hand. Once she awakened him in the night to tell him of a horrible dream she had just had. She saw his engine plunge into another. She distinctly heard the crash and the sound of the escaping steam, and the cries of the victims. She was so worked up over the matter, he says, and begged so hard that in the morning he didn't take his engine out, but got a substitute to go in his place. Sure enough, there was a smash-up, and the substitute was brought home dead.

Ever since then he has thought it cowardly to flinch, and has refused to be guided by his wife's dreams. "If my engine is going into a smash-up," he says, "I am going to be at the throttle, and the little woman at home must depend on her prayers to save me."

Several wrecks have occurred since that first one, and every time the woman has told beforehand of the coming. Some engineers regard the number 13 particularly unlucky. Charles Frye, an older veteran engineer on the Rio Grande, declares that it is interwoven with the tragedies of his life. On July 13, for instance, his train, with thirteen passengers aboard the sleeper, was pulling out of Denver, when, at thirteen minutes past 12, it struck a wagon containing a 13-year-old boy, who was killed in the accident.

Tom Loftus, of the Colorado & Southern, insists that he has an unlucky day—Dec. 31—on which all of his wrecks occur. "I began ten years ago on the 31st of December. His engine was pounding along from Trinidad to Denver at thirty miles an hour, through a blinding snow storm. Between Bonares and Huertano his train crashed into another double-header that was backing forty miles an hour in the direction of Trinidad.

He saw the collision coming, reversed the lever and jumped. He saved his own life, but one of the firemen was killed and the rest of both crews more or less injured.

The Boy from Town. Last night a boy came here from town to stay a week or so. And needs a rest, you know. His name is Cecil, and he's eight. And he can't skin the cat. His maw she calls him "Pet," I'd hate to have a name like that.

He wears a collar and a tie. And can't hang by his toes. I guess that I would nearly die if I had on his clo's. He can't ride a horse, and to-day, when we roosters help to lay, He ast if I pick for maw.

When our old grander hissed he run As though he thought he'd bite, And he ain't ever shot a gun Or had a homemade kite. He never milked a cow and he Can't even drive or swim. I'd hate to think that he was me, I'm glad that I ain't him.

He thinks it's lot of fun to pump And see the water spurt, But won't climb in the barn, and jump, For fear of gettin' hurt. His clo's are offe nice and fine, His hair's all over curls, His hands ain't half as big as mine, He ought to play with girls.

A little while ago when we Were foolin' in the shed He suddenly got mad at me, Because I bumped his head. There's lots of things that he can't do, He thinks that sleepin' bite, And he afraid of ganders, too; But he can fight all right. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Habit of Bathing. Americans are much given to the habit of bathing, and the general opinion is that it is good for them. They are bound to have a bath at stated times or even the reason why. This is true of the American soldier, who might be supposed to get careless about it, but he will bathe if there is water to be had and protest loudly at its absence, says the Tacoma Ledger. Many of the foreigners of the lower classes who come to this country develop into good citizenship, and one of the earliest symptoms of their change for the better is their acquired liking for towels and soap. It is notorious that some of the Russian emigrants and others from countries bordering on Russian territory do not at first comprehend the necessity or the joy of bathing. The child of such a family was sent home from school to be washed, and the mother explained that this could not be done, as the youngster "had been sewed up for the winter." Nothing of this sort would be possible in an American family or one that had been in this well-washed region long.

In No Danger. Family tradition has handed down an incident, which the New York Times repeats, of a gentleman who is now a grandfather. All his life he has been noted among his many friends and acquaintances for marked decision of character.

When he was two or three years old he was taken very ill, and his family in alarm sent for the village doctor. The doctor came and prepared a powerful dose, after the custom of those days, which the little sufferer was forced to take in spite of much kicking and squalling.

The next day the doctor came again, and prepared a second cup of the medicine, which he placed before the fire-place to warm.

The baby watched the proceedings intently up to this point; then he suddenly slid from his mother's lap, and toddling unsteadily to the fire-place, kicked the cup under the backlog.

"Confound his impudence!" said the doctor. "He'll live."

New Turkish Order. Owing to a Turkish Imperial order the teaching of Armenian history has been prohibited in Turkey.

A hypocrite is like the letter p—the first in pity and the last in help.



Fred—Never mind, old man. A woman's "no" very often means "yes." Tom—But she didn't say "no." She said "nit."

You can't have your cake and eat it, but you can eat your own cake and swipe the other fellow's.—Ohio State Journal.

The Man (entering the store)—Have you typewriter ribbons? The Fresh Girl (behind the counter)—Is she blonde or brunette?

Husbands (reading the paper)—What fools some men will make of themselves. Wife—Now, Henry, dear, what have you done this time?

Edith—You know that new horse papa named after you? Well, he's proved to be quite worthless, and papa is going to shoot him.—Pack.

"Mamma, I don't understand these fire-fies." Mamma—What puzzles you, dear? "Well, ain't it funny that the wind don't blow their lights out?"

Church—I never cross a bridge until I come to it. Gotham—Well, if you refer to the Brooklyn bridge, you have a good deal of trouble even then.

Lucky. He Hadn't. "Miss Muggles has had \$6,000 left to her by an uncle who had never seen her." "Well, that explains it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Hostess—There's one thing that can be said for Mr. Talkington—he never retails scandal. The Caller—No? The Hostess—No; wholesale exclusively!—Pack.

The Landlubber—How mad that lighthouse keeper must be—he has lighted that lamp a dozen times since I have been watching, and it has gone out every time.—Life.

"By the way," reminded the curious inquirer, "what's a synonymous expression for 'talking shop'?" "Well," replied Josie, "there's 'tensorial emporium,' and 'haute-couture parlor.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"That Mr. Squeezem had nothing but praise for your sermon to-day," said the minister's wife, after church. "Yes, I noticed that, when the plate was passed around," said the pastor, sadly. —Yonkers Statesman.

The Pug—I suppose since the bulldog lost his teeth he doesn't bite any more? The Poodle—Only Miss Maud's gentlemen callers. The Pug—Why then? The Poodle—They are such soft young men.—Philadelphia Record.

Bowman—My recital was a splendid success. The audience was fired with enthusiasm. Bridge—Mercy! Weren't you afraid of a conflagration? There was so much paper in the house you know.—Boston Transcript.

"Why is it," said the self-conscious young man who is to be married, "that all the world loves a lover?" "Perhaps," answered the coarse and cynical person, "it is because pity is akin to love."—Washington Star.

"How is it that you are so gallant in the street cars nowadays?" Formerly you never arose to give a lady your seat." "Yes; but now I am wearing patent leather shoes, and if I sit every one walks on them."—Toledo Bee.

Jack—Yes, I had a little balance in bank, but I became engaged two months ago, and now— Ned—Abl love makes the world go round. Jack—Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast as to cause me to lose my balance.—Philadelphia Press.

Butler (recently engaged by a newly-fledged millionaire) At what hour would you wish to dine, sir? Millionaire—At what hour do the best people dine? Butler (repressing a smile)—Oh, they dine at different times, sir. Millionaire—Good! Then I also will dine at different times!

"But," blushed the heavy villain, "suppose our plot should leak out." His miserable accomplice shivered at the thought. "But it can't," cried the low comedian, emerging at that moment from behind a stage tree, "because from now on the plot thickens, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

"Remarkably warm, isn't it?" said the man who is always groping for something to say. "No," answered the person who is ill-natured in warm weather; "this kind of weather has occurred in every July I can remember. It isn't in the least remarkable. It is merely disagreeable."—Washington Star.

"Dearie," said Mrs. Loveydovery, "I see in the paper that a man out west has had his stomach removed. I wonder why?" "I suppose," said Mr. Loveydovery, "that his wife persists in trying to cook all the new-fangled things she reads about in the recipe department of the Ladies' Home Weekly."—Judge.

Walter—Have a piece of pie, sir? Pincher—No, thank you; I never eat pie. It doesn't agree with me. Walter—To every person who has eaten one order we give pie without extra charge. Pincher—Come to think it over, you may bring me three pieces of pie, two of berry and one of custard.—Boston Transcript.

An old Irish woman came into the little grocery store every evening for weeks and always bought a large box of matches. Rarely did she buy anything else. Finally the curiosity of the grocer became overpowering. "I know it's not my business," he said to her one evening, "but I'd really like to know just why you buy so many matches?" "Sure, I'll tell you," she answered; "my husband is deaf and dumb, and lately he's been talking in his sleep. I use the matches to see what he says."

Painful Means of Suicide. "Have you ever noticed how many suicides use carbolic acid?" asked a druggist the other day. "Without having any actual data on the subject, I should say that fully one-third, perhaps a half, use that means of exit. It is something I could never understand, because there are so many more comfortable ways of doing it. There could not possibly be a more agonizing death than carbolic acid poisoning produces. The corrosive fluid burns the mouth, tongue and throat, then passes into the stomach, and must feel like so much hot lead."

GO RIGHT ON WORKING.

Ah, yes, the task is hard 'tis true,
But what's the use of sighing?
They're sunnier with their duties
Through the day's long trying.
Who bravely keep on trying,
There's no advantage to be found
In sorrowing or shirking.
They with success are soon crowned
Who just go right on working.

Strive patiently and with a will
That shall not be defeated;
Keep singing at your task until
You see it stund completed.
Nor let the clouds of doubt draw near,
Be brave, and fill your heart with cheer,
And just go right on working.
—Nixon Waterman, in Success

Winning by Sheer Bluff

The Love Story of a Millionaire.
"You have just told me, Miss Winston, that you love me."
"I have, and it is true."
"And yet you say in the same breath that you can never be my wife?"
"Yes, and that it is true also."

"But why will you not marry me, Flo?"
"Because I cannot. I have given my word to another."

Fred Denton threw the end of his cigar into the water with a gesture of disgust, and sat erect. Then he whistled long and softly. He and Flora Winston were ensconced in a punt, hidden from vulgar curiosity behind a drooping screen of willow boughs.

It was the last day of a pleasant summer holiday, and to-morrow both were returning to town. They had passed three happy weeks in the enjoyment of each other's company. Flora—on the eve of marrying a crabbed old millionaire whom she detested—had been bent upon enjoying to the full her brief remnant of liberty. To Fred Denton, the artist, she had at first seemed a gay and attractive companion. Later he had found her fascinating and irresistible.

"I ought to—to have let you say it," faltered the girl, as she saw her lover's perplexity. "But, then—I did not know that you really loved me, you see. I thought that—that we—were only just amusing one another, perhaps."

Denton did not speak for a moment. Then he asked, savagely:

"Who is the beast?"

"Mr. Quartz, the millionaire."

"But you don't mean to tell me that you love that animal?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Flora, smiling in spite of her self. "Surely you don't think me capable of that folly, Fred?"

"Well, then, it's the money," said Denton, decisively, ignoring the question.

"No, Fred, it's not the money. Why do you persist in thinking me so mercenary?"

"Well, then, if you don't love old Quartz, and if you don't want his money, why—?"

"Oh, Fred—it was all my mother's fault."

"You mean?"

"That mother was so set upon getting me a rich man for a husband. She said it would be the best possible thing for me, because then I should get into all the smartest circles, you know."

"Well?"

"And then Mr. Quartz turned up. I know he thought me pretty, because he said—he said something. It was not very nice, but it meant that he thought me pretty. Then he asked me to marry him, and I promised."

"But why?" Denton almost shouted.

"You are of age; there was no earthly reason why you should marry a man for whom you had no love, just to please your mother."

"Can't you understand, Fred? I did not love any one when I promised to marry Mr. Quartz. So I thought that he might as well have me as anybody else. He seemed fond of me, you know. Besides, I knew how much it would please mother."

"Yes; but it seems to me that matters have changed since then. You love me—you have just said so. Why don't you throw over that ass Quartz and marry me?"

"But I have pledged my word, Fred. You would not have me go back on that—would you?"

"But supposing Quartz threw you over?" he asked.

"Oh!" cried the girl, catching her breath. "I wish he would! But I dare not hope for such good fortune. Mr. Quartz seems to have taken a real fancy to me, and he thinks that I should make him such a capital wife. To be sure, he is a little old, but I heard him say that to mother the other day. And—and he laughed heartily."

Denton seemed less affected by this intelligence than might have been expected. He took the girl's hands in his, and looked into her deep blue eyes. She returned his gaze with trusting confidence.

"Flo, you do love me, don't you?" asked Denton, earnestly.

"Why, of course I do, Fred. I have told you so several times already."

"Then can you trust me? I mean—will you do what I tell you?"

"I trust you with my whole heart, Fred," answered the girl. "I don't think I should care for you a bit, otherwise. Yes, I will do whatever you wish, for I know that you would not make me do anything mean or dishonorable."

Denton snatched a kiss.

"Then I think I can promise that you will be a free woman within a week," he cried, triumphantly.

"Oh, Fred," exclaimed the girl, and her face spoke the thoughts that she could not frame in words.

"Yes, Flo," pursued Denton, "I have a little plan in my head which I think will prove effectual. From what you have told me, I believe that old money-bags only loves you because you have a pretty face. If you were old and ugly, I don't believe he'd care for you any more than he would for a cat on the meadow yonder."

"Oh, Fred, how horrid!" cried the girl, with a look of alarm.

Denton put his arm around her waist and drew her closer to him.

"It is a question of whether he real-

ly does love you or not. If he does not love you for something more than your face, what I am going to do will make him throw you over."

And then Denton's voice sank to a whisper as he told her his plan. When he finished speaking, Flora clasped her hands delightedly.

"I believe all that you have said is quite true, Fred," she cried; "and I think your plan will work beautifully. I am sure it will. I will make it. Yes—you may have another kiss, you dear boy, for being so clever!"

Thus it came to pass that Flora sat waiting the coming of her lover. She was dressed in the daintiest of tea gowns, and looked as charming and fresh as a rose. But—and oh, the pity of it!—across her pretty face ran a terrible scar. It stretched from her white forehead, blackened her eye, and passed across her right cheek to the corner of her mouth. Two days ago, when Fred Denton had kissed her, she had been as lovely as heart could wish. Now—with that frightful livid scar distorting her features—her appearance was actually repellant. Yet she did not seem to be in pain, for her manner was perfectly controlled and easy. Indeed—and this was a most remarkable fact—the appearance of the scar was such that an observer would have sworn that it was several weeks old.

When Mr. Quartz was announced, Flora rose from her seat and came forward smiling. The amorous millionaire advanced with open arms.

"My darling, Flora!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "Kiss me, my love!"

Then, for the first time, he looked into her face, and saw the scar.

"My God!" he cried; "what in the name of all that is horrible have you been doing to yourself, Flora? What—what an awful accident!"

He stood with his arms hanging limply at his sides. He seemed to have lost all desire to embrace her. Indeed, he drew a little aside as one who wishes to avoid some disgusting object. Flora was silent for a moment; then she spoke slowly.

"I did not realize that I was so much disfigured."

"Oh, don't trouble about me," she said. "It really doesn't hurt at all, you know. Besides, I've got your love to comfort me, you see."

Mr. Quartz took out his handkerchief and began to mop his brow, for he was perspiring profusely. He stole another glance at the girl's pitifully disfigured face. Then he asked:

"Can nothing be done to—I mean, is it not possible that the scar may become less conspicuous with time?"

"I cannot say," said Flora, guardedly. "But, if it's as bad as you say—I am afraid it is always likely to show."

Her remark practically ended the interview. Quartz made one or two attempts to converse on topics of a general nature; but his mind was evidently engaged with thoughts very different from those he was trying to utter. At last he took his leave without even offering to kiss the woman for whom he had so lately professed deep affection.

As soon as the millionaire was out of the house, Flora ran to her bedroom. When she returned to the parlor her face was as pretty and as kissable as ever. She had not passed more than an hour in solitude when Fred Denton was announced. As a matter of fact it was not his first call that afternoon. But his previous entry—and its object—had been only known to Flora's French maid and Flora herself. Denton came into the room and seated himself with deliberation.

"Well?" he asked.

"I think it will be quite right, dear," answered Flora.

"He did not jilt you on the spot, then?" asked Denton, a little disappointed.

"Oh, I don't think that even Mr. Quartz is vulgar enough for that," said Flora, good naturedly.

"He's vulgar enough for anything," cried Denton, irritably. "Still, if he gives you up, I don't care what else he does—so there."

"Have a little patience, Fred," said Flora, earnestly. "Wait for a day or so, and I believe you will get me for your wife—thanks to your cleverness."

"Cleverness!" exclaimed Denton, raising his eyebrows; "why, I racked my brains to discover a way out of the difficulty. I don't call that cleverness. Necessity is the mother of invention, you know."

"Oh, but it was clever, dear!" persisted Flora; "it was such an original idea to begin with, and then you painted the scar so awfully well! The success of the whole thing really depended on that, you know."

"Don't worry, Fred; dear," said Flora, encouragingly. "We shall succeed—I'm quite sure."

And Flora's prophecy came true. As Denton had supposed, Mr. Quartz merely wished to make Flora his wife because she had a pretty face and a graceful figure. He had no appreciation for the deeper qualities of her nature. So the very first post the next morning brought Flora a note in a well known handwriting. It ran:

"My dear Miss Winston: I need hardly say how shocked and grieved I was at the terrible result of your accident. I had no idea that you had sustained such injury until I saw you yesterday, and I was rather surprised that you considered it unnecessary to acquaint me with the facts of the matter at an earlier date. Under the circumstances you will, I think, realize that it is impossible for our connection to continue on its present footing. I mean—you will of course consider our engagement a thing of the past. If, however, you still desire to consider the contract binding, I must ask you to communicate with my lawyer, to whom I have already written."

"Believe me, my dear Miss Winston, Yours faithfully,"

"SILAS QUARTZ."

Flora read the letter with an amused smile on her face until she came to the last sentence. Then she stamped her little foot angrily.

"The horrid beast," she exclaimed, as she tore the missive into tiny pieces. "Fred was right after all. He's vulgar enough for anything. He thinks that I want to get his money—that I

shall sue him for breach of promise. Oh, I am glad that I have escaped from his clutches. Fred is a dear, but Mr. Quartz is—oh, I don't know what to call him!"

An hour or two later Fred called in, and was overjoyed at the good news which awaited him.

"Flo, dear!" he cried; "I must have one little, two little, three little, four little, five little, six little kisses! And, oh, I shall want a great many more than that, too!"—New York News.

THE CHOP SUEY FAD.

How the National Dish of the Chinese is Prepared.

Chop suey, the national dish of China for at least twenty-five centuries, bids fair to become a standard food in this country. There are some sixty Chinese restaurants scattered over the different boroughs of Greater New York whose chief attraction is this popular composition, and several American restaurants have endeavored to take advantage of its popularity by adding it to their daily bill-of-fare. There is a ridiculous amount of mystery concerning the dish. It is simple, economical, and easily made. The general formula is as follows: One pound of moderately lean fresh pork, cut into pieces a quarter of an inch thick, a half an inch wide, and an inch long; two chicken livers, chopped up to the size of dice, two chicken gizzards, cut into slices the size of a nickel, and each ring pinked with the lines almost meeting in the centre.

The heat of cooking causes the fibres to shrink, and converts the circle into a many-pointed star. A quarter of a pound of celery cut into silvers, a quarter of a pound of canned mushrooms, and a quarter of a pound of green peas, chopped string beans, asparagus tips, bean sprouts, or saffron. These are thrown into a frying-pan over a hot fire, covered with a cup of water, and a tablespoonful of peanut oil, olive oil, or melted butter, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, half a clove of garlic, grated salt, white pepper, and red pepper.

If the fire is not enough, these will cook in five minutes. The contents of the pan should be stirred to prevent burning, and the moment the water boils out, fresh water should be added in small quantities, to prevent frying. The dish should be served promptly, and is not only palatable but wholesome and easily digested. In place of pork, mutton can be employed, while chicken liver and gizzard may be replaced by those of the turkey. Some Chinese cooks use the Indian soy, which is sweeter. The recipe is imitated by adding a teaspoonful of table sauce and another of brown sugar or a teaspoonful of molasses.

An agreeable modification results from the use of asparagus tips along with the other vegetable ingredients, while the Singapore variety is obtained by stirring in a tablespoonful of curry paste. In the Chinese restaurants the cost varies from ten to twenty-five cents a plate, the more expensive dish containing a fair amount of the best imported French mushrooms.—New York Post.

Past the 200,000 Mile Mark.

For many years this country has led all others in the number of its railways and the total of their mileage.

The last six months have put the United States still further ahead in this respect. The railroad construction during this period carried us beyond the 200,000 mark of railway mileage.

The 2,314 miles added then increased our total railway mileage to 201,839. The record of the first half of this year is 500 miles ahead of that of the first half of last year.

The next six months will increase the railroad mileage of this country even more greatly than it has grown since the beginning of the year. It is estimated conservatively that the total railway construction in the United States for 1902 will exceed 6,000 miles, whereas the total construction for 1901 was 5,222. For the first half of this year the south and southwest still lead with 1,893 miles out of the total of 2,314 in the last six months. Texas built 236 miles, Oklahoma 211 miles, Indian Territory 211 miles, New Mexico 190 miles, Arkansas 136 miles, Georgia 125 miles, Louisiana 102 miles, Illinois 100 miles and Florida 97 miles.

This extensive railway construction indicates a vast increase of the industrial and commercial interests of the country and the splendid showing made by the south indicates that this section is progressing relatively more rapidly than any part of the United States.—Atlanta Journal.

King Thebaw's Palace.

The way is always open into Thebaw's palace now, the bridges are always down. There is great freedom of traffic under the pythah where the gates and the guards used to be. Thebaw himself perhaps was the last person to see the closed gates, sixteen years ago when he and Sanyalad drove through holding each other's hands, and saw for the first time, on the way to banishment, how beautiful their walled city was, even from the outside, says a writer in Scribner's.

The palace remains, and many of the princesses' houses with their curving roofs and carved eaves like a blown flame above the eaves; but all the butterfly court and council are gone. The place is very wide and clean kept now; it is dedicated except for the Kinwun Mingyi, to a fantastic memory and British troops. The old minister, who alone is allowed his former residence, looks from his window upon an abomination of sanitation. Even the princesses live outside, as when a room is swept after a revel the flowers may be forgotten on the walls.

Dear Killed by Insects.

Immense damage has been done this spring in Prussia to red deer through an insect called rachenbronze (throat gnawer), which lays eggs in the deer's nostrils. These are then inhaled, and the larvae block the windpipe, causing death. Many hundreds of deer have thus been killed.

The Matter of Brains.

The female brain commences to decline in weight after the age of 30; the male not till ten years later.

Children's Corner

POLLY.

Our Polly was a Berkshire pig of famous pedigree.

And having been brought up by hand, Was gentle as could be.

When to the field she went, Or lay beside the pasture bars, And grunted with content.

But one sad day no Polly came To get her morning meal—

Though Minnie called her loud and long, She gave no answering squeal.

And Minnie mourned her favorite With many a sob and sigh, And sadly turned her gaze away

From Polly's empty sty.

At last one day, when springtime flowers Were blooming on the glade,

When wild carnations like a flame Lit up the woodland shade,

When first the catbird and the thrush Were singing merrily,

And dandelions poked up their heads, And sparkled in the sun,

Through grassy uplands Minnie went, And through the forest shade—

The pansies grew so thickly there, They purpled all the glade.

She gathered clumps of woodland plinks, And dandelions gay,

When suddenly she heard a grunt Not very far away.

She dropped the blossoms that she held—

"What could the grunting be? It sounded so like Polly's voice."

She quickly turned to see, She searched about, and soon she

spied A bed of leaves and twigs; And there lay Polly, cuddling up

Six little, spotted pigs.

DORRY'S FIRE ALARM.

A head of fluffy yellow curls, two big blue eyes, a turned-up nose, a buttonhole for the mouth—that was Dorry. The very sunniest little fellow in all the world.

Always ready to drop his playthings to run errands, that was the reason he was asked to so many times a day by papa, mamma and aunties.

A new aunt had come to visit them, and Dorry was not surprised to see her approach him with a letter in her hand.

"Dear little Thistle-down, will you take this to the mail-box for me?" Dorry tossed aside his spade, took the letter, and ran to the corner. But when he got there, he was puzzled; for there were two iron boxes instead of one. Which was the letter-box?

One had a door, so he opened it, put the letter in—very hard, so it would stay, and shut the door.

Hark! What was that noise? Away down the street came the sound of bell and gong. Nearer and nearer, until up dashed a fire engine, the smoke pouring from it, and the firemen in their great hats ready for work.

Dorry was surprised. Where was the fire? Around the corner came a hose cart, followed by another. The firemen ran from house to house, looking for the fire. The neighbors wondered if it could be in the house next to theirs.

"I should like to put my hands on the boy who sounded the alarm!" said the fire-chief, and all the little boys trembled in their shoes at the sound of his voice.

"I have found what the trouble was," said a fireman, holding up a letter. "I knew it would be the way when those new boxes that could be opened without keys were put up."

"Why, that's my letter!" cried Aunt Fan.

Dorry's heart gave a great throb. It was the very letter he had taken to the corner a few minutes before. He had put it into the fire alarm box instead of the letter box.

"Will they put me in jail?" he whispered, creeping close to Aunt Fan.

"Not this time," said the chief, "because you made a mistake; but if you should ever do it again, I can't say what would be done."

But Dorry never did it again.—Our Little Ones.

VIRGINIA CATS.

Some people think cats are a great nuisance—"always getting under your feet or jumping on the table," they say. Of course, some cats do these things, but if they had been taught better manners when they were young they would know how to behave nicely when grown up. So you see it is not the cat's fault at all.

Let me tell you about Virginia's cats. She has five and calls them Smut, Tiddletwinks, Floss, Sweeney and Fluff, and besides, so many kittens that I cannot name them all. Virginia has a large doll's house with which she played when a very little girl—she is thirteen now—so she uses it as a home for her pets. Each cat has a room all to itself, where it sleeps at night and sometimes takes a nap in the day time—Smut in the kitchen, Floss in the dining room and the other three up stairs in bed rooms. The kittens have a large room on the top floor, it is really the attic, but Virginia calls it the nursery. There are also two spare rooms for visitors.

Virginia looks after the cats herself. She buys a quart of milk every morning and gives them their breakfast in a big round dish. It is a very pretty sight to see them all eating from one dish. Sometimes Smut thinks he is not getting his share, so he growls at the others and tries to frighten them away, but one word from his little mistress makes him behave better; occasionally, too, a little kitten will get right in the milk, and Virginia has to lift it out and hold it by the side of the dish.

After dinner at night all the cats are allowed to come into the dining room (of Virginia's house) and have a romp with her. She pets and plays

with each one and they have a jolly half hour together before being put to bed. Each one knows its own room and is soon curled up on its soft pillow, fast asleep.

Once Sweeney paid a visit to the little girl who lives across the road; in the afternoon she carried him back to Virginia, and said: "Here's Gally (Sweeney); I brought him home to you." Sweeney was so glad to get home again that he did not notice the little girl's mistake in his name, but just purred and humped up his back like all cats do when they are pleased. Another time Fluff was missing for several days. Virginia hunted everywhere and was very much worried. Finally she found her away up in the hay mow with four little baby kittens.

One cold winter night Virginia heard a very sad meow outside the back door; she opened it quickly and there on the doorstep lay a poor little kitten just about frozen stiff. She took the wail into the warm room and gave it a good rub and a saucer of warm milk. The kitten purred loudly while lapping it up.

"You shall sleep in one of the spare rooms tonight," Virginia told it, but I guess the little stranger was lonely, for in the morning she found it cuddled up close to Tiddletwinks, who was giving it a thorough washing. Later in the day the kitten was returned to its owner, who had given it up as lost.

All the cats in the neighborhood seem to know that Virginia loves them, for they come to see her quite often, and the spare rooms of her old dolls' house have many visitors.

—Washington Star.

CATCHING WHITEFISH.

William Davenport Hulbert tells of the life of a whitefish in Success.

He was swimming along at a depth of perhaps thirty feet. The water was shining brightly, the sun was clear, and a soft green light came down to greet his big, unwinching eyes. By that light he suddenly saw before him, stretching right across his path, a great net that reached up to the surface and down to the bottom, and away on either hand as far as he could see.

The meshes were large—so large that, if he had tried he could easily have slipped through any of them and gone on his way. But he didn't try. He was of a cautious disposition, and had no intention of running his nose into anything that he knew nothing at all about. At the same time he hadn't quite enough caution to make him turn square about and go back—he was a head case, and he would have been the really wise and prudent thing to do. Turning square about wasn't his habit. If he couldn't go straight ahead, he would try to find a way around the obstacle. So he followed along the wall of the netting, looking for its end, and, before he knew what had happened, he was inside a huge bag, and the opening by which he had entered seemed to have vanished utterly. He had found the "pot" of a pound-net, from which, when a fish has once entered it, he seldom escapes. Two days and nights he searched for the way out, but without success. Once, indeed, he passed along a narrow, tunnel-like passage into what was apparently an outer chamber, but there he lost his way, grew bewildered and presently found himself back again in the bag. To squeeze through the meshes was no longer possible, for they were much smaller than those that he had first seen. There seemed to be nothing to do but stay there till he should starve.

The pot was about thirty feet square, and so deep that its bottom rested on the floor of the lake, while its edges were held two feet out of water by a group of tall, slender poles that stood around it, with their feet driven into the mud. The whitefish had not been long in the net before a heron—a "crane," the fishermen would have called him—came and perched on the tip of one of these poles. With his eyes fixed on the water, he stood there as silent and motionless as a statue till an unwary herring came a little too near. Then there was a lightning-like dart of his long neck, and a moment later his big wings flapped heavily and he rose in the air, bearing a pretty silvery creature that would never again chase whitefish babies or eat fresh eggs on the spawning grounds. He was back again before long, and I shouldn't dare to say how many trips he made to the pot that day and the next, or how many fish he carried off.

Tombstone as Evidence.

The title to Kansas City property valued at over half a million dollars has been clouded by a suit filed in the circuit court there by the heirs of the late Nancy Priddy. The property includes fifty-two acres in the fashionable residence district. Mrs. Priddy died in 1892. It is contended by her heirs, who are residents of Central Point, Ore., that she was sixty years old at the time of her death, while the defendants to the suit maintain that she was sixty-six years old. On this point the suit hinges. If she were but sixty years old she had not reached a lawful age to execute a deed at the time she disposed of her property here in 1892. There is no record of her birth, the only evidence of her age being her tombstone, and the claim is made that it has been tampered with. The tombstone, a plaster cast of which was made in Oregon for use in the trial, shows this record: "Aged sixty years," but the cipher looks as though it might originally have been a "6," and it will be left to the court to decide whether it was or not. If the court declares her age to have been sixty at the time of her death the heirs will win.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Appearances."

Consistency is indeed rare. A man will unobtrusively comb his back hair over a bald spot on the top of his head and yet expect a fruitcake to put his smallest strawberries in the top layer of the basket.—New York News.

The clairvoyant who strikes it rich is a sort of happy medium.

REDSKINS AS FARMERS.

GREAT PROGRESS MADE IN INDUCING INDIANS TO WORK.

Their Interest Has at Last Been Aroused and They Are Gladly Forsaking the Blanket, Powwow and Medicine Dance for the Plow.

The interest of the red man has been aroused, and at last he has taken to the plow, forsaking the blanket, the powwow and the medicine dance.

When years ago the government came to the conclusion that manual labor would exercise a greater influence toward civilizing the American Indian than anything else that could be done, a forward step was taken. It was considered folly then; but to-day the facts speak for themselves.

Since 1887, when the red man had the first lesson in farming, the separation from the wild life has been gradual, albeit slow and halting at times; but the future is rosy.

Within the last few years the advance of the Indian back in farming has been remarkable. More redskins are taking to the plow, the harrow and the hoe than the public imagine.

In ninety cases out of every hundred the young Indian returning from his school takes up farming in preference to the professions. But it should also be recorded that 20 per cent. of those who have passed through a college return to the reservation and don the blanket again. A few years ago it was an extraordinary sight to see the red man at work in the field. Proud chieftains, forced